OnOurBacks

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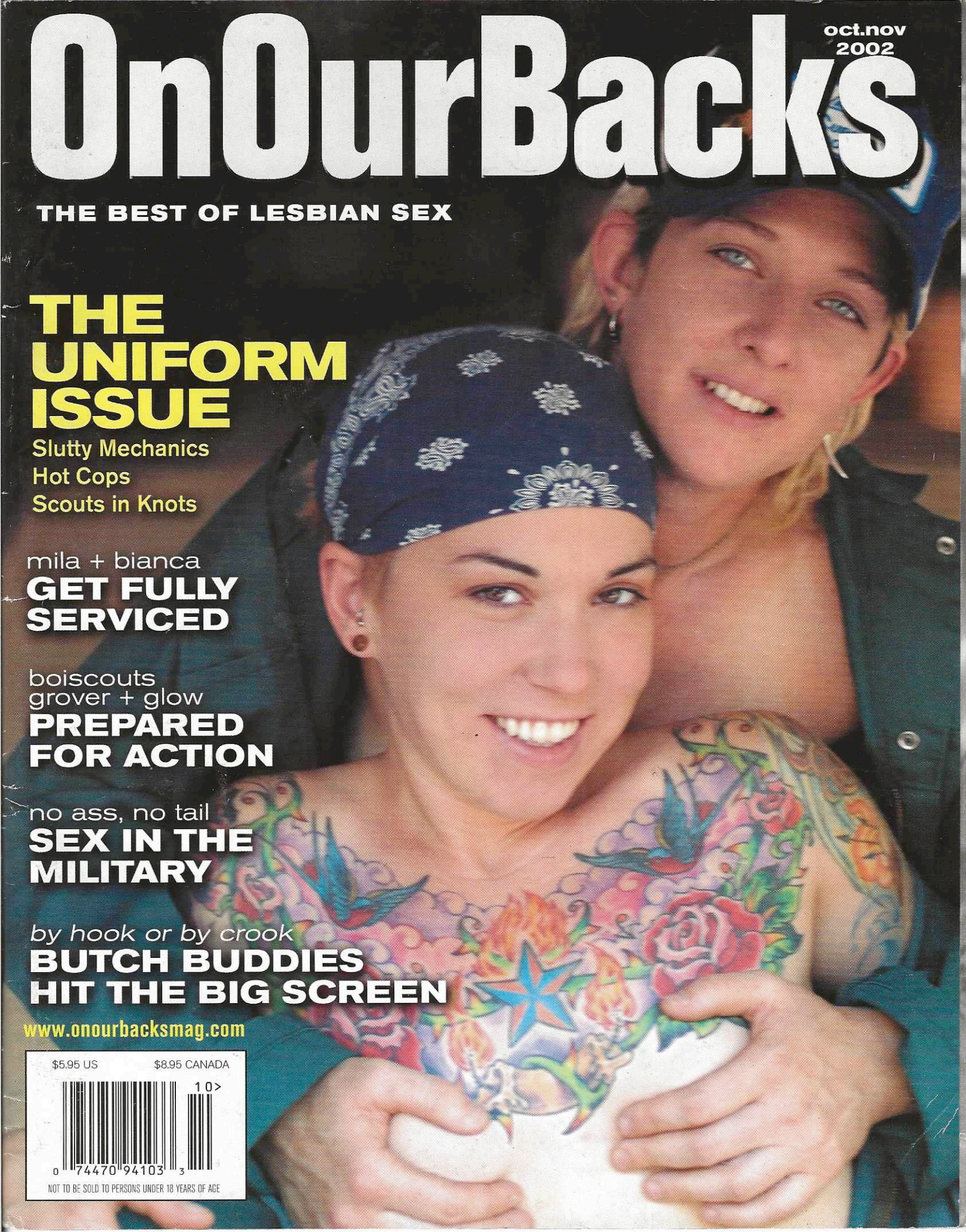
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX



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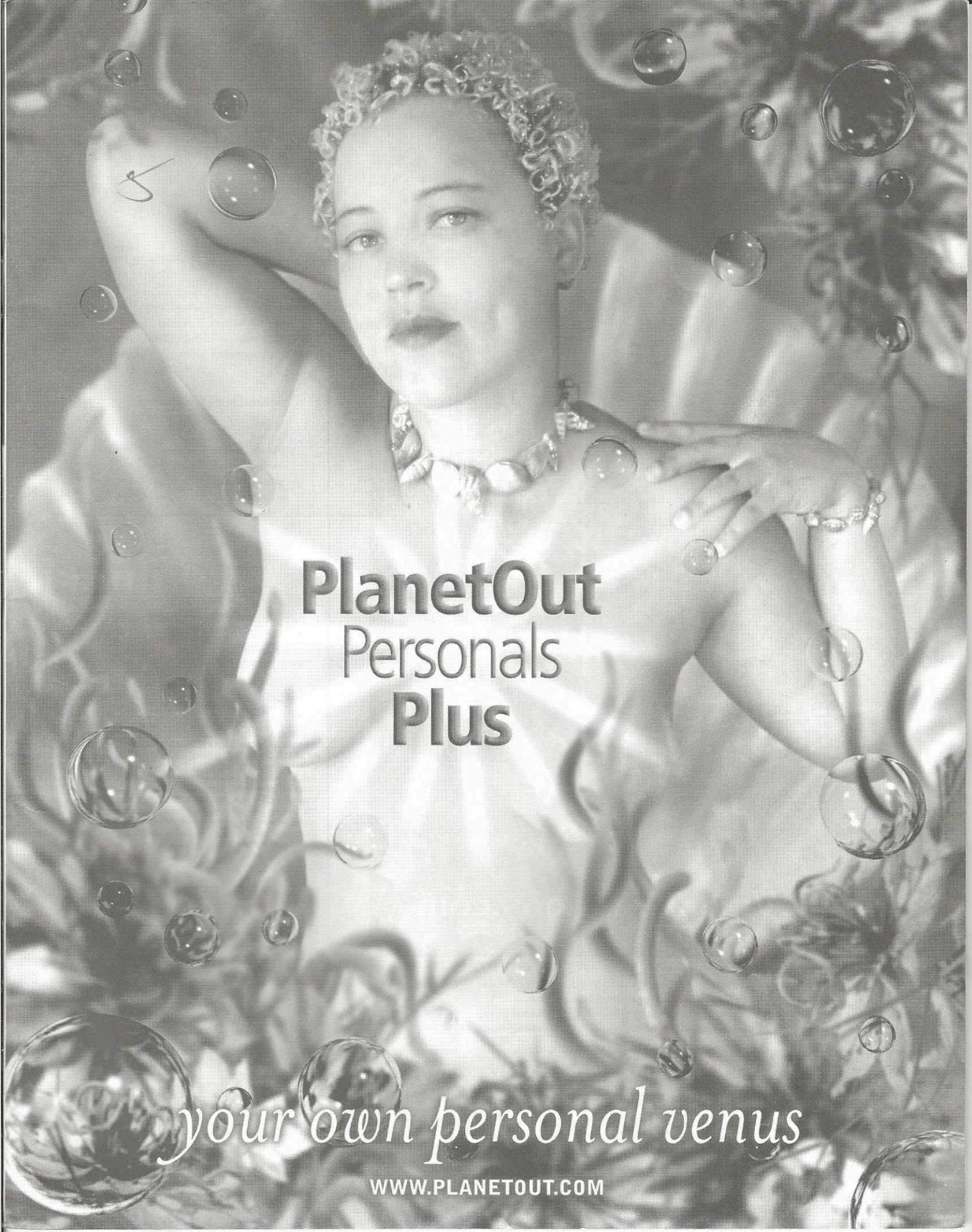
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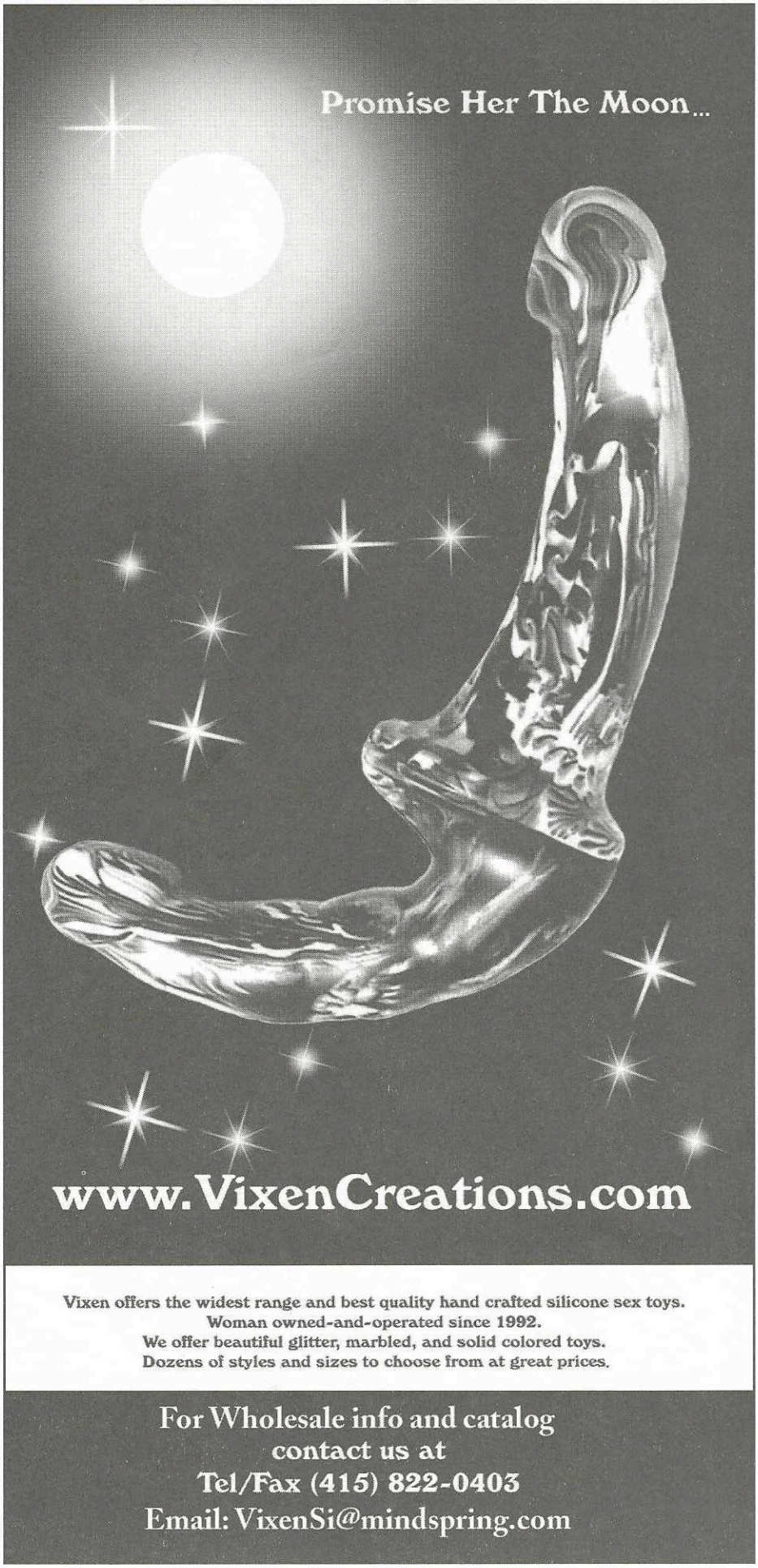

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Volume17 . Issue03

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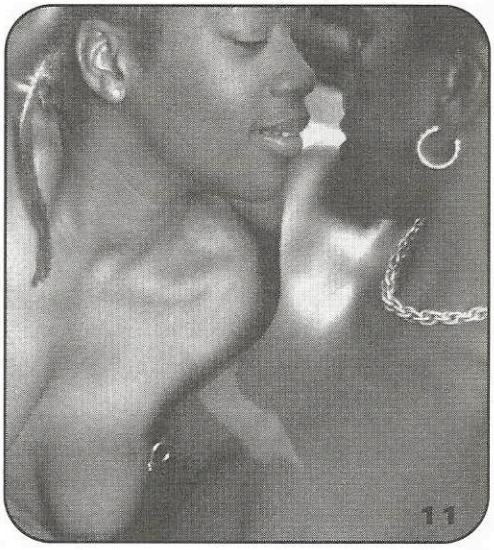

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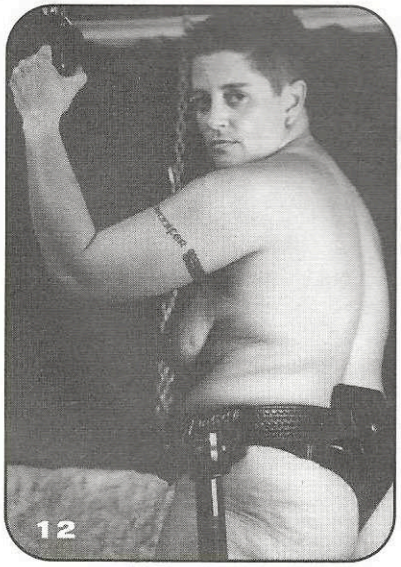

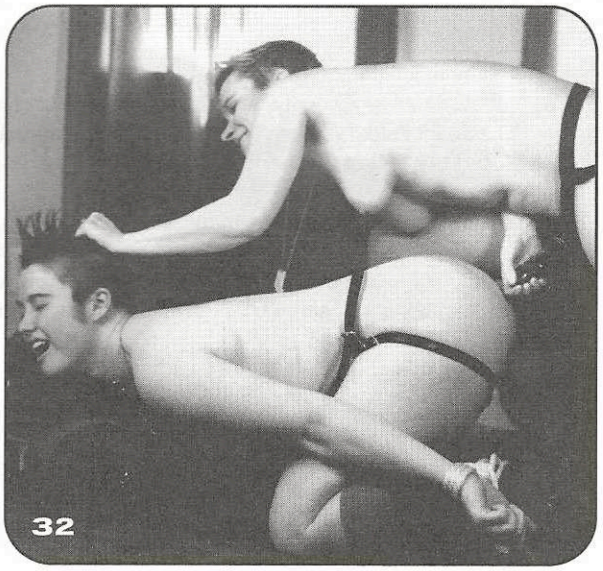

Blame Canada

In July, we received notice that the June/July 2002 issue of **On Our Backs** was being detained by Canadian customs because the magazine contained a "description of sex with degradation." In laymen's terms, that's fisting.

The mighty fist was Tristan Taormino's ("I Fucked a Straight Girl"), and not only did it make a straight girl see God, it nearly got us banned from our Northern neighbor. As bookstores started complaining about their missing shipments, our circulation department scrambled to find a way to deliver **On Our Backs** to our many loyal Canadian readers and advertisers. Eventually Customs released the magazines but issued us a stern warning that they'd be closely evaluating future issues for decency. That same month the printer that was slated to print the **On Our Backs** 2003 calendar declined the job at the last minute, because they were afraid their other customers would see it on press and complain.

We were shocked, but admittedly, it's happened before. Anti-porn feminism's rant "pornography is the theory, rape is the practice," created a porn paranoia in the 1980's. Then, in 1992, a Canadian video store owner got charged with 250 counts of obscenity–one for every dirty video on his shelves. After it lost its case, Canada changed its definition of pornography from materials containing "explicit sex" to sex that was "degrading or dehumanizing." The decision seemed like a victory at the time, but in retrospect it causes all sorts of problems for queers. Independent magazines like **On Our Backs** got targeted and lacked the funds to protect themselves the way large publishers could. The indie Vancouver bookstore Little Sisters had to sue to protect itself from witch-hunting Canadian customs officials.

Let's face it, no one has any idea of what we do in bed–and customs officials certainly aren't sophisticated enough to judge our erotica. When faced with the unfamiliar terrain of lesbian sex, flummoxed, they declare it degrading. We're being judged by censors, and in some cases courts, that have no understanding of our lives, sexual or otherwise. And the continued suppression of our literature prevents us from educating anyone.

I think this flag really livens the place up.

we're being **judged** by censors who have **no understanding** of **our lives sexual** or otherwise. and the **continued suppression** of our literature prevents us from educating **anyone**.

On Our Backs is committed to showing authentic lesbian sex in all its diversity. And fisting is a part of that. (In fact, when we briefly considered dropping the act from the magazine so we could get into Canada, I said, "We can't do that! Fisting is our mission statement!") Same sex sexual expression helps to normalize lesbian sexuality to ourselves and the rest of the world. We're not going to let some constipated bureaucrats keep us from telling the truth about what gets us off.

After weeks of searching, the answer came as a complete surprise to us. Print the magazine in Canada! Turns out, you can have all the fisting you want in Canada, as long as it's not imported.

Joyfully, we dedicated this issue of **On Our Backs** to one of our favorite perversions: uniform fetish. We've got hot boiscout bondage (p. 32), a uniformed cop you'll want to spread your legs for (p. 12), horny mechanics, slutty UPS drivers and more. So please, enjoy the fabulously dirty magazine you hold in your hands. It's real dyke porn, made by dykes for dykes, in Canada.

XOXO

Diana Cage

Diana Cage, Managing Editor

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letters

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Showered with Praise

June/July 2002 was a super-juicy issue. I loved luscious Ariel and Aimee, succulent Sonya and Stacy, and hot-beyond-belief Corey Parks. Thanks for such a hot magazine for and about real women. Any chance we will get to see **On Our Backs** in color someday?

Ingrid Showers
Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada

The women on the cover of June/July 2002 are beautiful. My wife and I are very happy to see an image of lesbians that we actually resemble and can relate to. All of our friends wanted to borrow our copy. I told them they should subscribe and get their own. **On Our Backs** does a wonderful job with representing our diverse community.

Donna Jackson
Washington, D.C.

I loved the photos of Sonya and Stacy on the cover of June/July 2002. I eventually had to hide the magazine from my lover because looking at the pictures so often and having so much sex was making me late to work every day.

Tracy Carliss
Oakland, California

Prudent Pussy Pumper

I enjoyed your article on clit pumps, however you should caution your readers to test the pyrex tube's suction-release valve more than once prior to putting it on the clitoris. Also, it is important to keep in mind that what initially feels great can quickly become too intense. My partner once had a valve fail just as her bottom was beginning to experience pain. The pressure became too great to pull the cylinder off without bringing the girl's clit with it. Finally, after about five terrifying minutes, the valve mysteriously worked. Thank goodness—what an awful trip to the emergency room that would have been.

Renanne Fiori
Los Angeles, California

Sanguine and Sexy

Cara Bruce wrote in "Hot and Healthy" (June/July 2002) that "STDs don't discriminate by sexual preference." The truth is that while sex between women is certainly not 100 percent safe, it is much less likely to spread many STDs, including HIV, because the amount of fluid exchanged is much less than when semen is involved. There is a definite danger in women who only have sex with women becoming too complacent. But it can also be counterproductive to exaggerate a risk.

On another note, thanks for publishing "Sugar" (August/September 2002). I was delighted to see the reference in the short story to *Daughters of Darkness*, a spooky must-see for anyone who is a fan of both horror and Sapphic sex. Let's see more femme-on-femme stories and pictorials!

Rachel Heath
Atlanta, Georgia

Kink Convert

I must admit that some of your kinkier photo shoots just don't do it for me. However, Barbara Nitke's photo of the two women on page 48 of the April/May 2002 issue sent my partner and I off into a sexual frenzy, ultimately ending in a wonderfully intense and juicy fisting session.

Jan [last name witheld]
New South Wales, Australia

Bad Booty Call

How are Web sites chosen for review in **On Our Backs**? In the June/July 2002 issue a site called bootygirl.com was reviewed, to my horror! The site really struck me as a bad review choice. It was made for a male audience and it is clearly just one big ad. There are many, many heinous pictures up there, but I think the gal in pigtails looking up from the ugly red cock and very messy, drippy blow job, making a miserable face, just takes the cake. I was also offended by the banner ad at the top for a site called bi-girl.com. The slogan says "Normal Girls Who Dig Chicks." How insulting! Why is **On Our Backs** sending these people traffic?

B.E. Heinle
Oakland, California

We regret bootygirl.com like a bad one-night stand, but we assure you that this month's Web site reviews on page 18 will encourage lots of one-handed surfing!

Do Try This at Home

I absolutely loved the article "How to Throw a Sex Party" (August/September 2002). I can't wait to throw my first party!

Sandy Dell
Dallas, Texas

Kim, We Have a Question For You

I love that your models look like real people. I really liked the big babes doing the back-door fist thing ("Hard-core Handball," December/January 2002). Also, Brett from Brett and Revi (February/March 2002). It was something about her eyes and stance. She's hot! When are you going to show Kim Airs from Grand Opening without her bodystocking on?

George Shuler
Newton, Texas

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OnOurBacks
THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

Being Bi for *Playboy*

by Cara Bruce

illustration by Fish

When *Playboy* TV's *Sexcetera* program called me and asked if I'd star in a show on bisexual girls, I was shocked. I had no idea they even knew who I was. I had just edited a book titled *Best Bisexual Women's Erotica,* and I am bi, but I'm a writer with a full-time job and I don't really have much of a social life. I told them I thought it was a stupid idea, but the producer insisted he was serious.

In the first of many, many phone calls, the producer asked if I could get a bunch of girls (his word, not mine) together to "be bisexual."

"What exactly does that mean?" I asked him.

"You know, girls talking, laughing, kissing, making out, doing each other's nails. You know, the girl-next-door thing," he said.

Doing each other's nails? Was he fucking kidding me? The girls I know that sleep with girls don't do their nails. They cut them off! What was this guy thinking? I live in San Francisco. The girl next door is wearing leather pants, has piercings in every body part she can reach, at least one tattoo, and, this year, pink hair.

I laughed at him. But he still continued to use the phrase "girl next door." A mistake I'm sure they will never make again.

When the day came for the three-piece *Playboy* crew to arrive, the first thing they asked me to do was meet them at Union Square and take them to Fisherman's Wharf so they could have the whole "San Francisco experience." So I took them to the one neighborhood that no local ever goes to and watched the beautiful *Playboy* hostess wiggle and flaunt her tight, white tank top with a big, red bunny on it to all the German tourists. The only people who didn't notice her and guess she was in the adult industry were either blind or not into women.

Sex.com had nicely agreed to let us use their downtown offices for the shoot in return for posting their Web site on the show. They even lent us their own porn star for the segment–an Amazonian woman who had been in the business *forever.* The producer was not old enough to win much respect from this veteran fucker–and they simply did not get along, so he refused to work with her.

As it turned out he didn't want nail painting or just kissing. He wanted some straight-up fucking. He wanted girl-on-girl action. But he didn't want "obvious" lesbians. This was a big problem because all of the friends that I had asked to participate were dykes. Some of them were butch, some of them femme, all of them were beautiful.

"I said girl-next-door, not leather-wearing, whatever," he stammered at me angrily as my friends started pouring in.

"These are the girls next door," I answered. "I'm a bisexual smut writer living in San Francisco, what the fuck do you want?"

Eventually he understood that his wording, not my interpretation, needed a little work. I hadn't planned on taking my clothes off or having sex that day. I had come with my partner who did not want to be on screen in any way, shape, or form. But after the producer nixed the porn star and the cute dykes, there weren't enough of us "girls" left to fill up the eight minutes of pure sex that he needed to shoot.

"Honey," I asked my partner, "would you mind too terribly if I made out with Lisa?"

Lisa was my best friend and coconspirator in many writing crimes. She was in the *Best Bisexual Women's Erotica* anthology and she was fairly active in the erotic community of San Francisco. We had never made out before. Sure, there was one ecstatic night of cuddling, but that was it. My partner shrugged, not really caring. So Lisa and I changed into lacy lingerie and disappeared behind a closed door with the *Playboy* crew.

They shot us groping each other. "Slower, slower," the producer kept saying. They shot us with our clothes on, coming off, and then all the way off. They shot us kissing, licking each other's tits, having oral sex. And then they shot the hostess in the bunny tank top popping up between my legs and spouting off something stupid while Lisa continued to go down on me. And then it was over.

"You're a natural," the hostess gushed. I smiled at her. My partner later told me that my eyes were glazed over and I had a weirdly content smile on my face. Apparently the only words to leave my mouth were, "I want to be a porn star."

as it turned out he didn't want nail painting or just kissing. he wanted some straight-up fucking.

I haven't seen the footage. I have no idea what they're going to do with it. All I know is that next season I'm going to be on *Playboy* TV having sex with my best friend. If nothing else, that was something else.

Cara Bruce is the editor of *Best Bisexual Women's Erotica*, *Viscera*, *Best Fetish Erotica*, and the author of *The First Year–Hepatitis C.*

Kim Airs - Proprietrix

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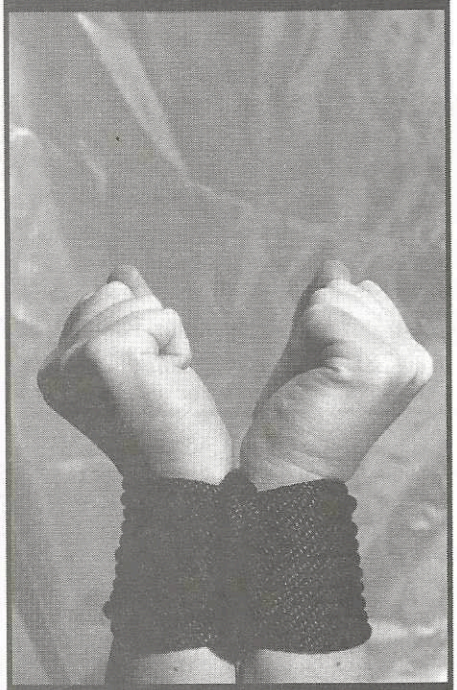

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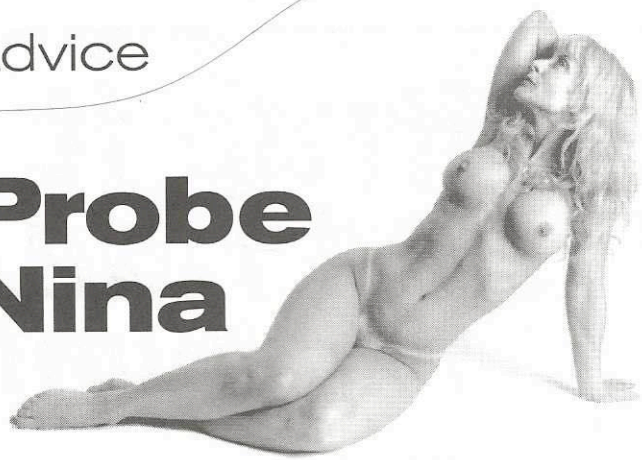


CHLOE ATKINS

Blade Runner

I really like the way my pussy feels and looks when it's shaved, but the last time I shaved mine I broke out in hideous, painful, white bumps. Is there a way to ensure I get it right next time?

Ah, shaving rash. Ain't it loverly? Every woman has a different response to shaving. In your case, it sounds like you developed folliculitis (inflammation of the hair follicles), perhaps from a combination of friction, sweat, and surface bacteria. With time, folliculitis should heal on its own. As an alternative to razors, some women love waxing; although this procedure is painful and expensive, it's good for three to six weeks at a time. Some, like me, pluck just the lips and the top of the cleft. Others opt for laser removal, which is expensive but permanent. If you stick to shaving, try doing it every day; I've also heard that shaving products for black men help eliminate bumps. Good luck!

Kennel Club

My lover insists on doing it to me doggy-style only. I like it that way–she hits my G spot with her dildo or fingers, and I come pretty easily–but she wants to do it in that position every time. I'm starting to get bored. Sometimes I wonder, too, what her problem is. Is she imagining I'm someone else?

If you're coming reliably in this position, she may think everything is fine. It's scary to bring up the topic of sexual compatibility, but the only way to true intimacy and a vibrant, living relationship is to share all your feelings, even the negative ones. Let her know that other positions are appealing to you and that you'd like to experiment with different ways to come. Tell her, perhaps, that you'd like to look at her as you climax. As for why she's addicted to doggy-style, I don't know: perhaps she is an ass freak and just loves your booty in the air. Try asking her why other positions don't seem to hold her interest and work with what she tells you. Or you could tell her that you'd like to save that position for last. If she is not willing to listen to your concerns, you have a bigger problem on your hands.

Sex Pot

I can only get into sex and have orgasms when I'm stoned. When I try to have sex without smoking pot, my mind wanders and I get frustrated. But when I am high the sensation is so much stronger and my response is so much greater that I come all over the place. I don't smoke pot all the time, only before sex. But I'm worried about being too dependent on it. Should I try and force myself to do without it?

First, don't force yourself to do anything when it comes to your pleasure. It is a normal human trait to enjoy altered states of consciousness, especially when combined with the intense pleasure of sexual arousal. However, it is also a useful exercise in self-knowledge to become more aware of why you like a particular thing–not so you can do without it, but to go deeper into why it works for you. Feel free to share your concern with someone you trust, like a friend or therapist. But because you don't have a problem with pot in other areas of your life, I don't see a problem with it here. Many people enjoy a glass or two of wine before sex; it enhances the experience. As long as you're coherent and present, I wouldn't worry about it. A good rule of thumb: if you're safe to drive a car, you're not too high to enjoy sex responsibly.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and a registered nurse. Send your woes her way. Mail: Probe Nina, 3415 César Chavéz, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA 94110; Fax: 415.648.4705 e-mail: nina@onourbacksmag.com.

Get Laid in Your Car

by Victoria Brownworth

America's love affair with cars is legendary. The excitement of driving your first car is right up there with getting your first girl. And driving your car with the girl–what could be better?

Having sex with her in your car, of course. It's been said that the freedom and mobility of the car helped spark the sexual revolution. And it's true: the drive-in may have gone the way of the 8-track tape, but the thrill of "parking" has hardly abated. So if your fantasies run to hot rods with hot chicks (or vice versa), check out the rules of the road.

1. Buy All-Season Tires

Because cars are like mobile love nests with shelter, there's no bad time for getting it on in a car. But the best hour of day is after dark, unless you're a diplomat or have a low-rider with tinted glass. The best time of year is when it's temperate, unless you think ahead and bring blankets and jumper cables.

2. Friends Don't Let Friends ...

Enticing as it might seem to fool around while driving, don't. Find a place to park, then pay attention to real, live curves. In most states and municipalities, sex in cars falls under the legal rubric of public sex and is therefore considered "lewd and lascivious behavior." In short, it can get you and your partner arrested. Choose your parking spot carefully, keep an eye on your surroundings, and you will party without the police. Nor do you want uninvited guests, so don't park where other people might decide to join you and remember to lock your doors.

3. Anywhere but the Blue Zone

Bucolic settings add romance and sensual atmosphere. So the best places to start your van a-rockin' are along a river, in a park, or a spacious lot, especially of a large place of worship. (Kinky, but true.) Know how often police patrol these areas. Regardless of the season, remember to crack the windows. You'll want your hot breath to steam them up, but misty windows are a red flag to police and passersby.

4. Select the Luxury Interior

Dress for access. If you're hoping she'll eat your pussy, wear pants you can get up and down in a pinch. If you want to get finger- or fist-fucked, wear a skirt and no panties. If you're looking to have your dyke dick sucked, make sure your playmate can get to it.

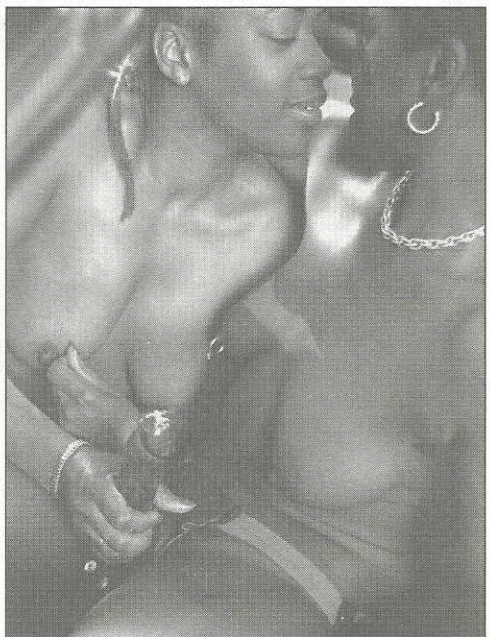
Because comfort is conducive to heating things up, outfit your car as if it were your bedroom. Have a pillow and blanket in the back seat. In the glove compartment have condoms and dental dams, lubricant, and any other accoutrements you might need.

Finally, music always smoothes the way for any activity. Avoid draining the car battery by using the radio or leaving the CD player on judiciously. (Never leave the motor running. Not only will you pollute the air, you'll fill your car with carbon monoxide. This gas is odorless but can make you very sick.)

5. Standard or Complete Option Package?

Be practical. The best whoopee for a car, regardless of its size, are the classic "making out" activities, like kissing, petting, and hand jobs. The front seat, particularly if your seats recline, is both the most sexy and the safest. (Watch out for the gear shift–it is *not* a joy stick when it gets you in the groin.) Other activities are doable but not without an exceptional level of athleticism. You may be tempted to utilize the back seat, but that will increase your risk of getting caught. Keep to the front seat and keep your clothes on.

If you think you'll miss going all the way,



PETER BACON

think again. The slight danger and novelty of parking will add plenty of electricity to finger-fucking and other lesbian standards. Take it from me, garden variety orgasms will never feel more exotic.

5. Speed Queens Only

As with all public sex, there's a certain element of danger and risk to getting laid in a car. Don't take a date who's nervous about getting caught; she'll be looking over her shoulder when she should have her head in your lap. Someone who jumps at every buzzing insect won't maintain the mood for long.

6. Pedal to the Metal

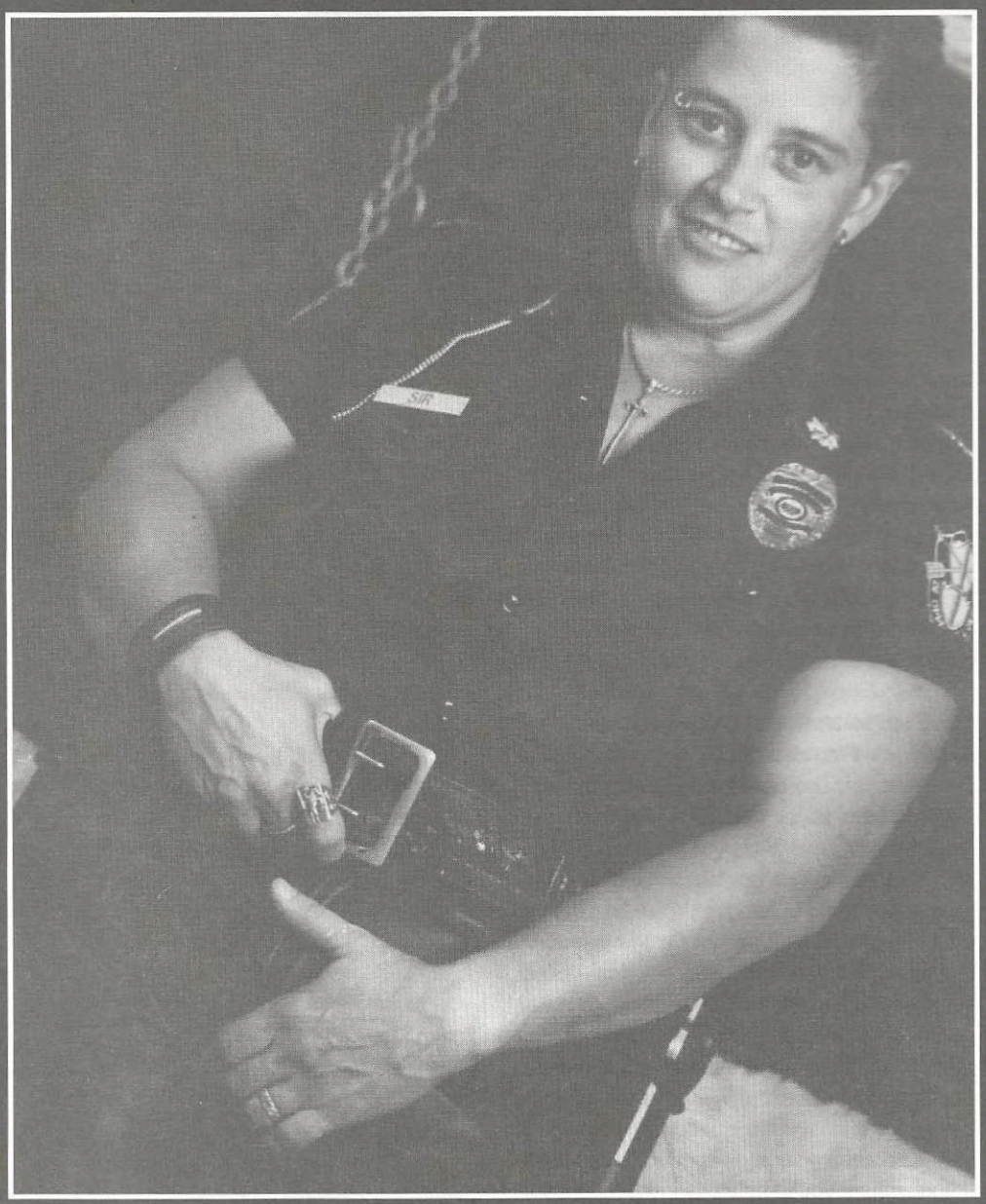
Sex in cars is sexy, fun, and adventurous. There's nothing quite like picking someone up, whether she's your lover or a fresh face, driving around, getting hot, pulling over, and satisfying your itch. If you've never tried it, you don't know what you've been missing. If you don't have a car, you can always rent a limo for that special occasion. If you haven't done it in a while, detour on the way home from Target and try it again.

Victoria Brownworth is the author and editor of over twenty books, most recently the Lambda-Award-winning *Coming Out of Cancer: Writings from the Lesbian Cancer Epidemic.*

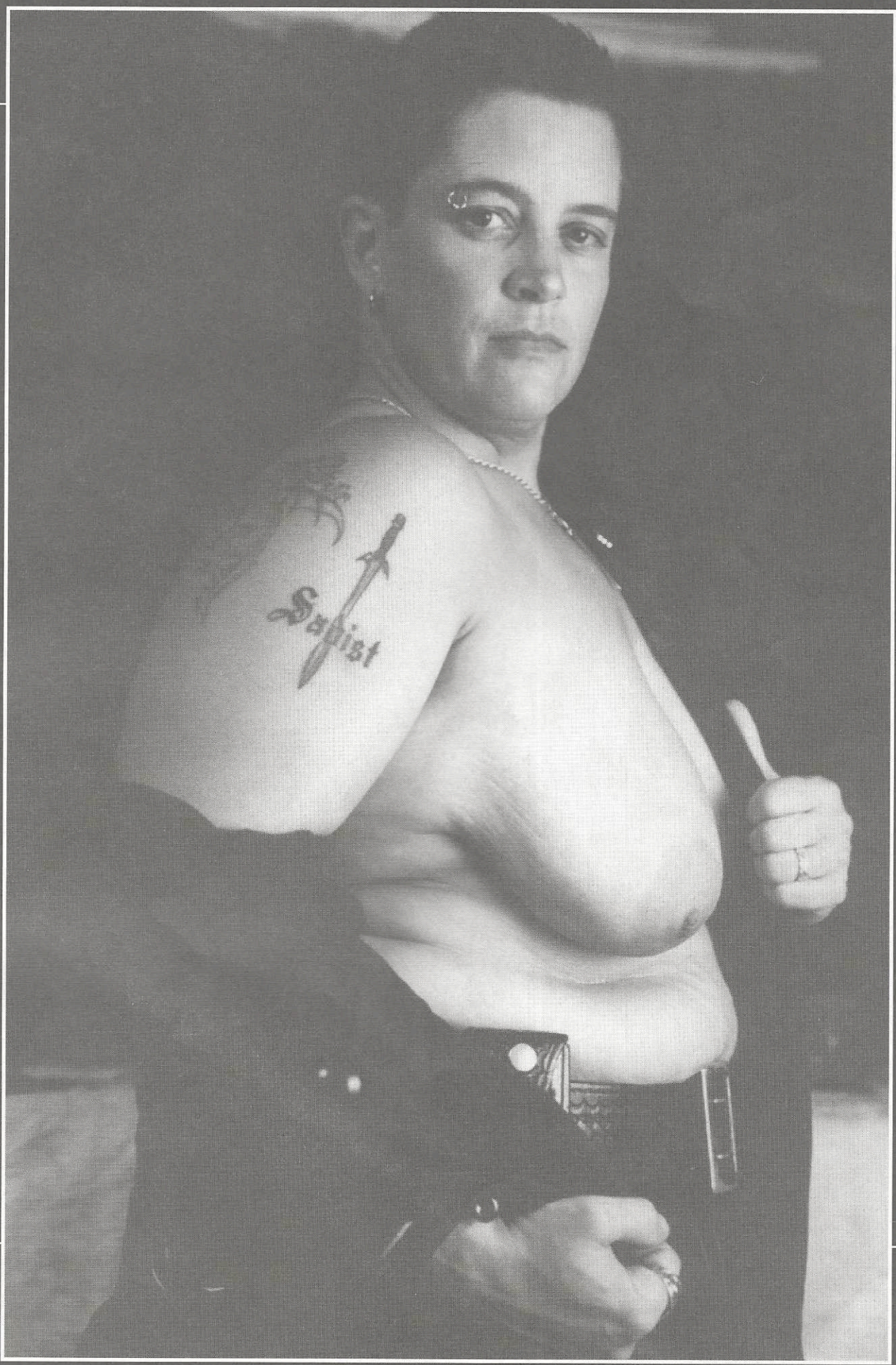
Spread 'Em

Linda Cox is a mean mofo you'll find arresting.

photography by
Michele Serchuk



Name: Linda "Shotgun" Cox
Age: Old enough to be very good at it.
Her identity: Heavy Sadist Butch Lesbisexual Top
Where she lives: Denver, Colorado
Her status: I'm in a committed relationship with my wife, Jennifer. She's the best. We have three handsome bois in our family, Bulldog, Scrappy, and Preppy.
Her tip for a happy relationship: When you find a women who will not only let you have your cake, but help procure your cake, offer serving suggestions, and eat it; do whatever it takes to keep her happy.
Her favorite sex act: I like to fuck. I like to be fucked. This is one woman who dearly loves her pussy.
Her favorite toys to play with: Knives, needles, and guns.
What leather means to her: Leather is my lifestyle. Leather is my code of honor. Leather is my kink. Leather is my clothes. Leather smells like sex to me. Leather feels like sex to me. Leather can bind you; leather can set you free.
What she has planned for her next family vacation: I want to be the Overlord of a three-day fuckfest. In order to make that happen, I am producing a three-day women-only, leather event in the spring in Denver, Colorado. It's called "Straight to Hell" (straighttohell.net).
What she's looking for: I like butchy bois. If she has good boi energy, I notice. I am very sensitive to pheromones. If you smell like you like to play and fuck, getting my attention won't be difficult.
What to keep in mind if you want her attention: Bad manners will get you ignored. **dc**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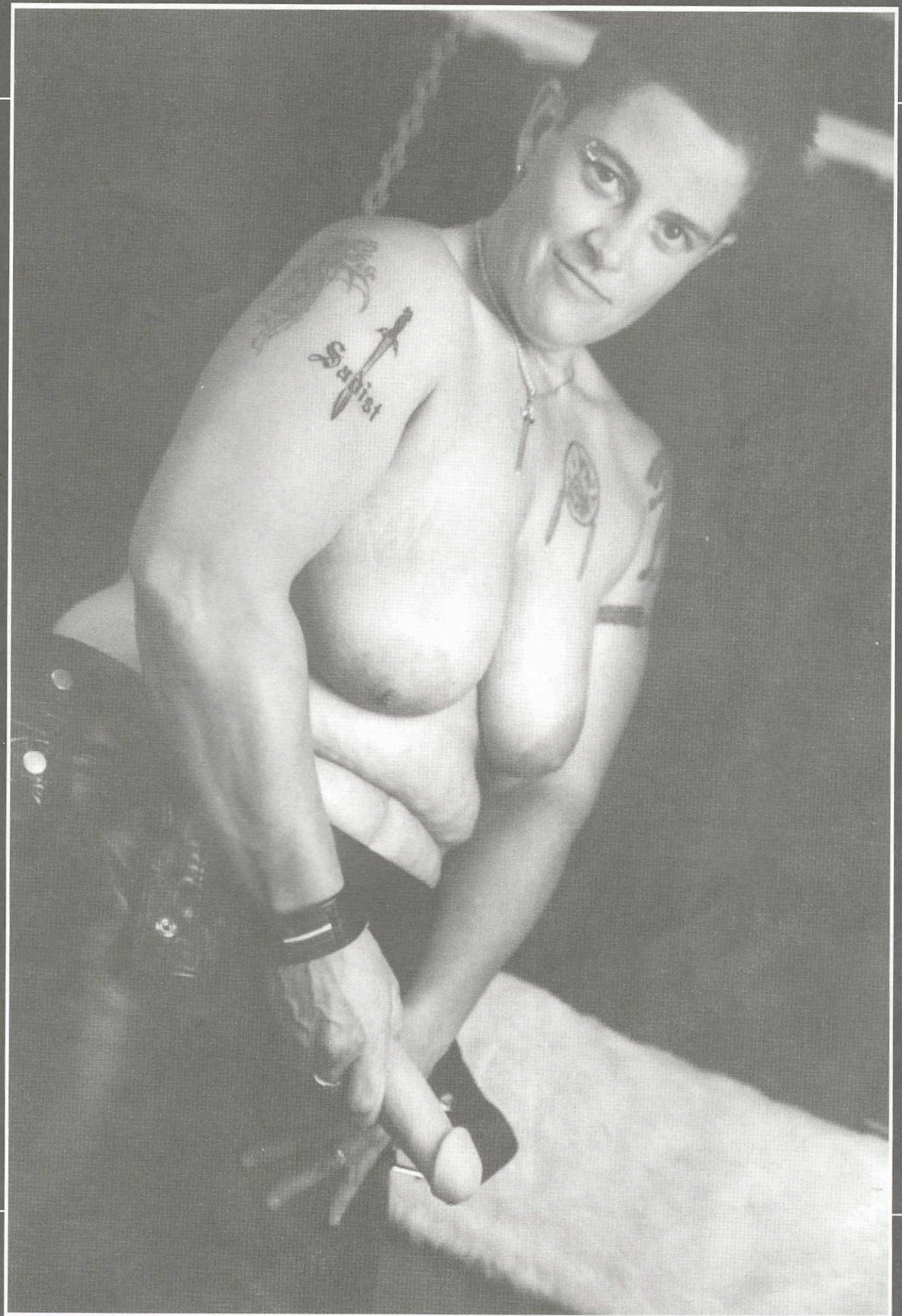
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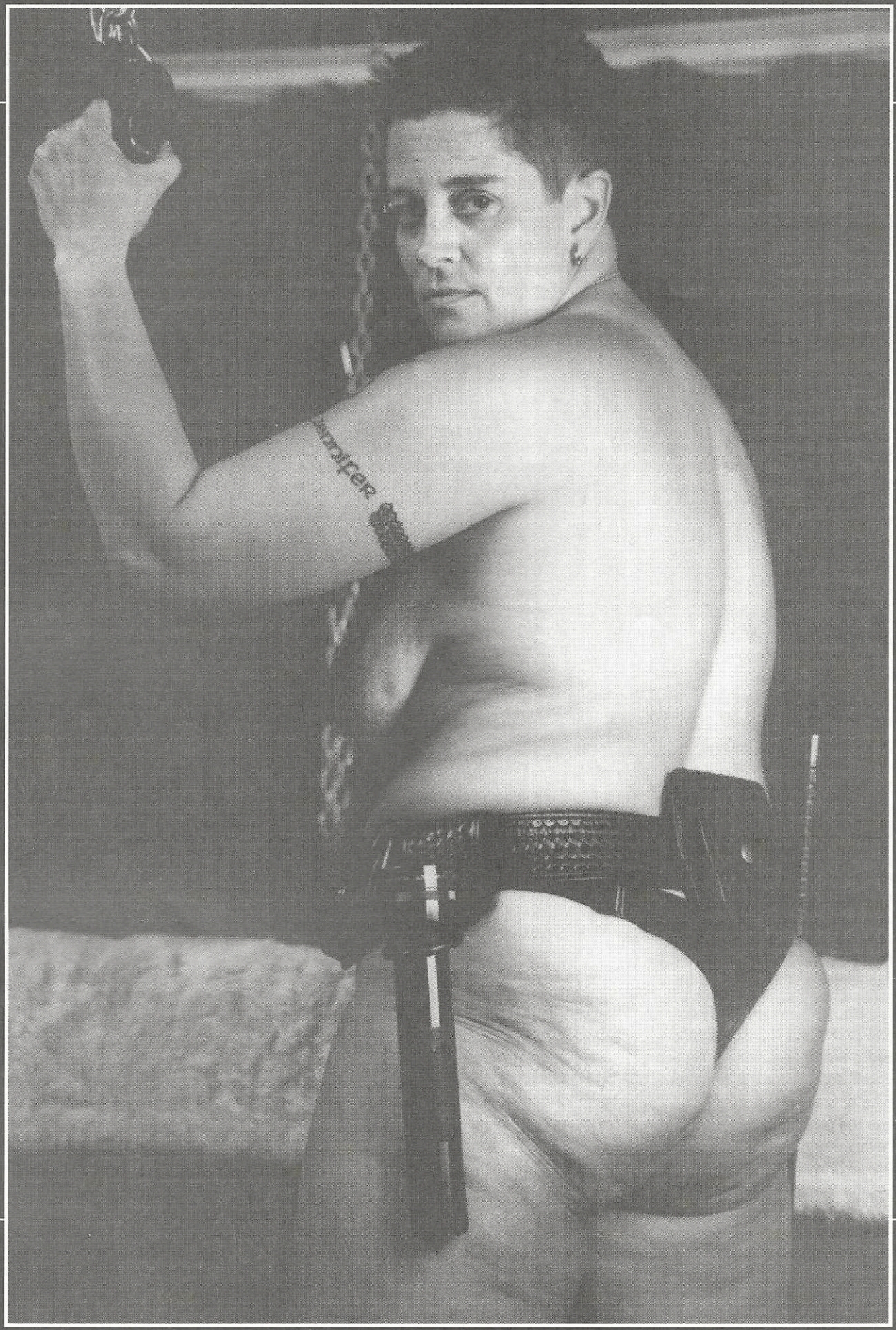
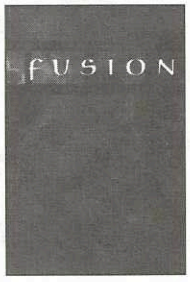

Jennifer

Fusion

edited by Lynk Productions
[Lynk Productions, Incorporated]



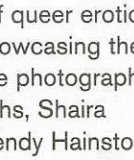
This book of queer erotic portraits, showcasing the work of dyke photographers Jamie Griffiths, Shaira Holman, Wendy Hainstock, and Rosamond, some of whom have worked with **On Our Backs**, would make a welcome addition to any girl's nightstand. The book was produced on a small budget, but it's easy to look past the simple layout and soft binding as you flip through the stunning, sometimes romantic, and often surreal images. The photographs are interspersed with sexy vignettes, which will whet your appetite, if not always your panties. In the Preface, Griffiths writes: "I believe that sexuality in most all of its forms is one of the most sacred, intimate and primal ways that we, as human beings, have of connection, communication, and expression." *Fusion* manages somehow to capture the sacred in sex and yet remain a very sexy book that is never didactic or narrow in how it defines the erotic.

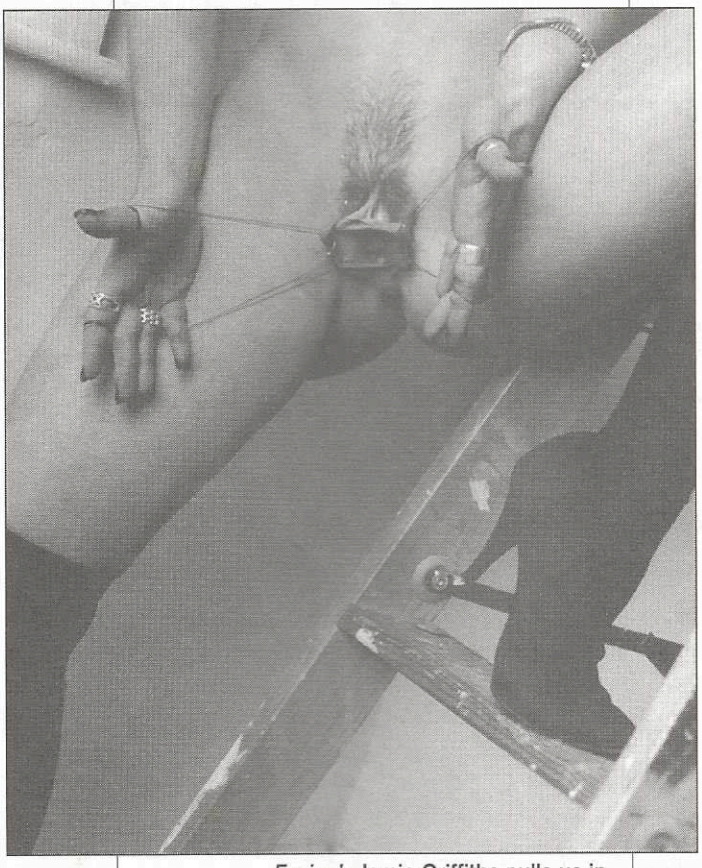
Bottom line: tight budget, expansive vision. **ch**

Best Transgender Erotica

edited by Hanne Blank & Raven Kaldera
[Circlet Press]

Editors Hanne Blank and Raven Kaldera have gathered a broad spectrum of erotica and transgender authors for this anthology. Better than the actual writing–strong though it is–is the fact that almost every story has an element of the daily reality of the transgender experience. Characters deal with difficult yet exciting transformations, such as loss of their virginity all over again within their changed sex, or finally being seen as a gay man after a life of identifying as a lesbian. The writing ranges from sci-fi to short and tight, hot sex. My personal favorite tale is Simon Sheppard's "Pinkeye," a hot and honest, yet gripping story that explodes with passion as it explores a gay transman's relationship from the perspective of his new lover, a gay bio-male who is new to the transgender experience.





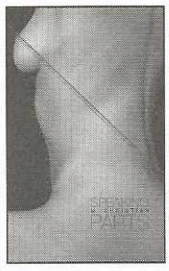
Fusion's **Jamie Griffiths pulls us in**

Bottom line: multi-layered, multi-genre, multi-gendered. **lc**

Speaking Parts

by M. Christian
[Alyson Books]

He's a guy, but M. Christian is a prolific and talented erotica writer who has published stories that depict many different sexual identities. This is his first collection of all-lesbian erotica, and the stories are good–sexy, passionate, and full of detail that feels very real. In "The After Hours," a stripper's girlfriend rescues her from an assault and then treats her to some knife-play and fucking that makes her confront her fears. In "A Light Minute," the protagonist Alyx has to choose to let go of the past and open her heart for a new woman. I found these stories surprisingly tender and touching. But don't worry, there's still plenty of hot sex.

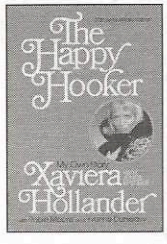


Bottom line: Dude thinks like a lezzie! **rkb**

The Happy Hooker: My Own Story

by Xaveria Hollander
[Regan Books]

I was ten years old and spending the summer at my grandmother's when I discovered Xaviera Hollander's fascinating book about her life as a notorious New York madam. Displayed on the shelf amongst the legitimate bestsellers it demonstrated nicely the continental approach that my family took to sex. Their casual treatment did nothing, however, to dull the luridness contained within this book. I had a pretty exciting summer of adolescent masturbatory bliss while reading about Hollander's many sexual adventures with women and men. Rereading this newly released, 30-year-anniversary edition was just as thrilling–and perhaps better, because the experienced-dyke-me now understands what Hollander means when she explains to her many young lesbian lovers that she is a butch top.



Bottom line: at its sexual prime. **dc**

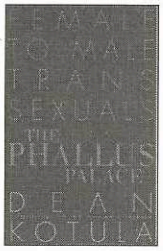
The Phallus Palace: Female-To-Male Transsexuals

by Dean Kotula
[Alyson Books]

Editor and photographer Dean Kotula, makes it very clear in his introduction to this book that he "objects to the term

review staff
ac . Ali Cannon
rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
dc . Diana Cage
lc . Leah Crask
ch . Cara Herbitter

transgender when applied to transsexuals, since we are not changing our gender…but are instead changing our body's sex." Many, although not all, of the subjects of Kotula's photographs post-transition always felt like men, even since "boyhood."

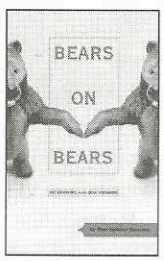


In part one, essays by medical professionals seek to clarify who is and who is not a transsexual. The second part contains candid stories by transmen discussing their experiences and includes photographs pre- and post-transition. Kotula also includes graphic photos of surgeries that answer questions the curious may have about what exactly is entailed in sex-reassignment surgery. (Though Kotula still honors the right of all transgender people to not disclose the status of our bodies.) In the still unfolding library of transmen, it's important to include books like *The Phallus Palace* that reassert the right to embrace transsexuality–and all the heartache and celebration that encompasses.

Bottom line: No castles in the air here **ac**

Bears on Bears

by Ron Jackson Suresha
[Alyson Books]



Bear culture is a gay subculture that celebrates the sexuality of big, hairy, masculine men–an aesthetic that challenges not only mainstream ideas of male beauty but the idea that all gay men are lisping and fey. Bear culture is marginalized to the point of invisibility even within gay culture–one of several traits they, in my opinion, share with lesbian culture. Bears are outwardly macho and tough, but warm, nurturing and sensitive inside–like every butch I've ever known. Of course, there are lesbears: dykes that self-identify as bears. But I related to all these touching and personal stories about body image and rejecting beauty norms in a more general sense. Suresha's interviewees are often funny and always articulate. I found this book affirming, thought-provoking, and a great read.

Bottom line: Lions and tigers and Lesbears, oh, yeah! **dc**

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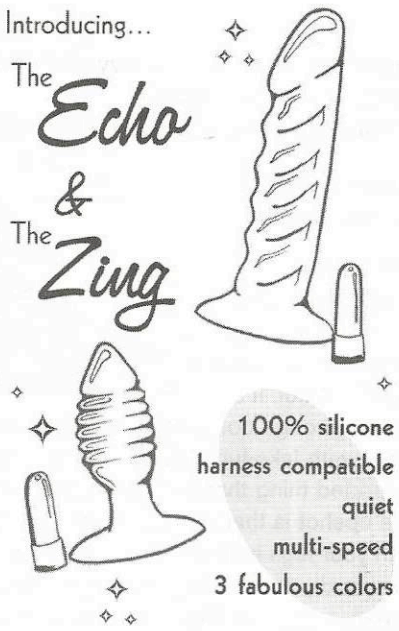
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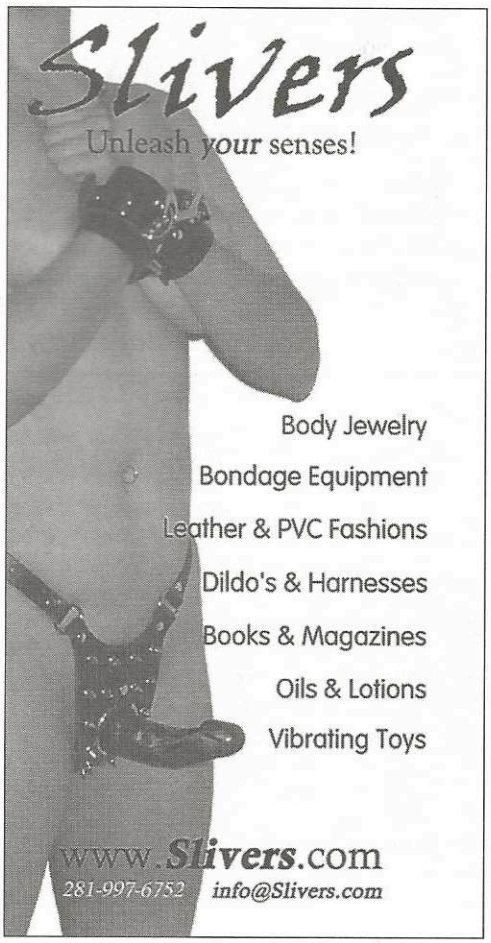
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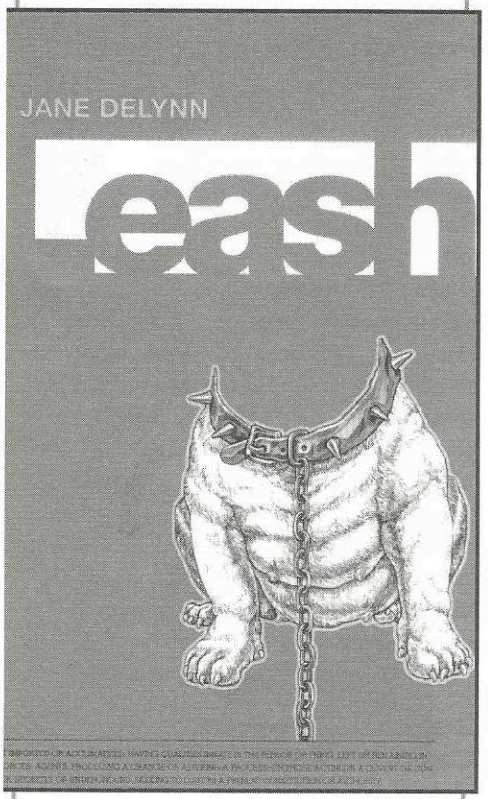

Leash

Jane DeLynn

This novel extends the logic of s/m to its inexorable and startling conclusion, darkly and hilariously revealing the masochistic impulse as the urge to disappear from the chores, obligations, and emotional vacuity of daily life.

"*Leash* is strong, compulsive, gripping reading, as morally complex as transgressive fiction gets. It goes places few—if any—books land, not only in terms of its arousing, sexually explicit candor, but also in its uncomfortable psychological honesty. Wise, provocative and completely absorbing, Leash has the horrifying simplicity of Kafka."
— Brett Easton Ellis

"*Leash* is daring and brilliantly done."
— Alan Cheuse,
All Things Considered, NPR

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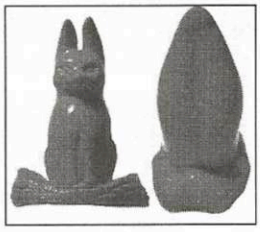
Foxy Vibe and French Kiss

[Vixen Creations, $22]



From the creative folk at Vixen come the Foxy Vibe and French Kiss, two red-hot silicone attachments that will seriously spice up your bullet vibe, egg vibe, or pocket rocket. These toys not only seduced my clit but also made me fall in love with the feel of silicone against my pussy. I preferred the French Kiss which licked me up and down and all around. If, however, you are a girl who likes more localized clit-action, the Foxy Vibe is the toy for you. I recommend adding a touch of lube to the vibe before you slide on its new silicone friend.

Bottom line: dress up your pocket rocket. **ch**

Sensual Power Cream Lubricant

[Sensual Power, $12.50]

This is my new favorite lube. It's very slippery without being sticky at all. It has an elegant, hand-lotion-like consistency and in fact contains fancy skin-care ingredients like collagen and elastin. It does a great job of staying slick a long, long time. And it doesn't contain glycerin, which can cause yeast infections. But the best thing about it is the taste–there is none. Finally I can finger my girl into a frenzy and use my tongue at the same time.

Bottom line: taste the pussy, not the lube. **dc**

Sex Sling

[Sportsheets, $33.95]

This product might revolutionize my sex life more than any sex toy since my beloved Wahl vibrator. It's a simple enough concept: a long, adjustable strap, with fake-fur cuffs for your ankles and a padded thing that goes behind your neck. The upshot is that you can be on your back with your legs in the air for a really long time, and you can keep your legs spread for a really long time. Now, I happen to believe that "on my back with my legs spread in the air" is exactly where God intended me, and the limitations of my leg muscles always seemed like a dreadful injustice. Problem solved! One drawback: the straps are temptingly easy to tighten but trickier to loosen. So if you yank on them in a passionate "wider, wider" moment, you may need to fiddle with them later on.

Bottom line: why didn't someone think of this sooner? **gc**

The Liberator

[One Up Innovations, $65-$225]

Not only is my girlfriend ten years younger than I am (read: more flexible), she is also five inches shorter. But now The Liberator–a series of connected velveteen cushions you can stack up and bend your lover on–has solved all of our sexual positioning problems. This baby comes in several different sizes and shapes; we tried the smaller and larger wedge. They made a great ramp, perfect for having your lover on top of you, while allowing easy access to her coochie or butt. It also provides perfectly comfortable positioning for giving head. And it's discreet enough to pass for furniture if your mom comes over. The soft velvety material feels good against naked skin and keeps you from slipping off.

Bottom line: say no to strained necks. **cd**

Glass Juicer

[Phallix Glass, $139.95]

Shaped like a citrus juicer, a short, ridged shaft is set onto a wide flat base, with a handle at the bottom so you can twist it in a circular cranking motion. The sensation is interestingly novel; it didn't exactly get me off, but it sure felt good not getting there, and the unfamiliarity made my coochie wake up and say howdy. It does call for a partner (the handle is hard to reach by yourself), and it'll be more fun with a shaved pussy–the bumps along the top of the base won't feel as good with hair, and it might get tangled up.

Bottom line: curious new sensation. **gc**

click.it

Myfetishdiary.com

L.A.-based fetish photographer Christine Kessler, who shot this month's cover, has recently launched a new Web diary that documents her experiences behind the camera. For a small membership fee, members get a privileged view into some of the most elite dungeons in California. Dominas like Ilsa Strix and Mistress Persephone, notorious for their ruthlessness and beauty, are the primary subjects of her erotic portraiture. Other galleries feature tattooed and dreadlocked queer beauties in bondage or playing kinky games of footsy. Each photo set is accompanied by a narrative of the shoot, increasing the voyeuristic feel of the shots. **mg**

An invitation from myfetishdiary.com

Scarletvenus.com

This new e-zine features an extensive sexuality resource center that is both entertaining and informative. While you'll be sure to find the typical health articles, sex tips, and toy reviews, you'll also see a sexual horoscope, a humor section, and even desert recipes for treats with tantalizing names like the "Quickie" and the "Black 'n' Blue." Scarlet Venus is 100 percent dyke-owned and operated, and site content reflects this. Dykes will find such helpful information as packing and harness selection tips and can enjoy the work of featured lesbian artists like Jody Wheat. **mg**

Pervgrrl.org

Pervgrrl is brought to you by the kinky gals of the CyberDyke network. It features a community forum that brings together pervgrrls of all stripes as well as a lengthy erotic story collection. The smut is on the edgy side, and whores, drag kings, and Daddies star. In "Dear Daddy," pervgrrls advice column, a real butch top solves your sexual dilemmas. (Past topics have included post-SM guilt, femme topping, and polyamory.) The staff of pervgrrl is sensitive to the wants of its audience and has a "fisting extravaganza" planned for an upcoming issue. **mg**

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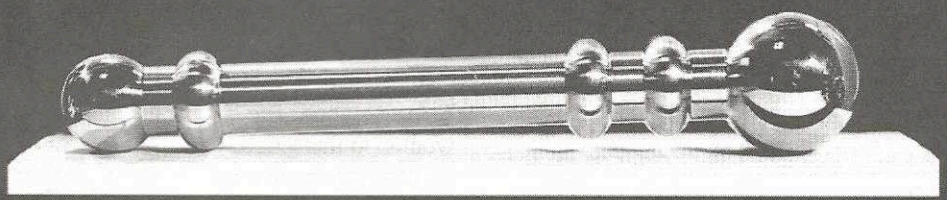

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Mainstream Porn That Delivers

by Greta Christina

Ever since dykes started making our own dirty movies, we've tended to scoff at the mainstream porn industry's "girl-girl" videos. They're typically dismissed as fake, a version of lesbian sex made by and for men, starring women who wouldn't know their way around a pussy if you gave them a road map. And the criticism isn't entirely unjust.

But there is a fair amount of mainstream lesbian smut with performers who are clearly having a blast. Whatever other objections you may have to these videos, it's obvious that the sex is real: the women take intense pleasure in each other's bodies, and they come and come and come.

So where does this charge of inauthenticity come from? One of the most common critiques of the girl-girl genre is that "real lesbians don't look like that." But some lesbians do look like that, and femme-on-femme isn't just a hetero male fantasy. And some of us like any porn with women genuinely getting off on each other.

I love by-lesbian butch-butch and butch-femme porn. I just don't think it has to be an either/or thing. We can have lesbian porn with women who look like truck drivers— or *Marcia Brady. If they're having fun with each other, it's real enough for me.*

But enough of the soapbox. On to the dirty movies.

The 4 Finger Club #11

[New Sensations, 2000]

Now, here's a first-rate example of what I'm talking about. Yes, the video was made by men, almost certainly for a male audience. And it doesn't matter. Because the sex in this video is amazing. It's enthusiastic, exuberant, energetic...all those good words. The most telling mark of its genuineness is how much the women are into each other's pleasure. When Phoenix is finger-fucking Bailey, the intensity and delight on her face is as vivid as the joyous abandon on Bailey's.

It's not a lucky accident, either. There are off-camera instructions before each scene like, "We want real orgasms. Do whatever you want to get there." And while the camera crew are no Fellinis, they know enough to keep the camera on a woman's face when she's coming. Women having fun coming with each other is the whole point of the video, and it makes the point extremely well.

Bottom line: ladies first!

Where the Boys Aren't 6

dir. Ernest Greene

[Vivid Video, 1995]

Where the Boys Aren't 6 is more typical of the mainstream girl-girl genre. The sex is a bit more staged, without the spontaneous *oomph* of *The 4 Finger Club #11*. But the women are still having a good time, and a lot of it is hecka fun to watch, with long stretches of real passion and pleasure. I often watch faces in porn more than other body parts, and while *WtBA 6* does have your seasoned porn professionals' fake thrashing-and-gnashing, it also provides many unmistakable looks of genuine rapture—especially in the group scenes and especially from Jeanna Fine. Boy, does that woman love to fuck. And while *WtBA 6* isn't as sweet as *4 Finger Club #11*, it's rougher and wilder, with a slightly kinky flavor. I'm never going to argue with that.

Bottom line: where the party is.

Real Girlfriends Vol. 1

dir. Ron Richardson and Lydia Swartz

[Millers Work Inc., 2001]

I'm not sure that this exactly qualifies as "mainstream." It's from a small, independent company, with a labor-of-love vision. But it is male-produced lesbian smut, with a male/female directing team, from a male-owned company that mostly makes hetero videos—albeit with real couples in real relationships, having the kind of sex they enjoy in their real life. It's as authentic as any by-lesbian smut I've seen. They basically turned the cameras on and let the women do their thing, with no staging or direction, and the result is sweet, passionate, intimate, enthusiastic, and very real indeed. And if you want "real bodies," *RG 1* has tremendous body-type variety—more than most by-dyke smut, to be brutally frank. They even put their fat-girl couple on the cover.

Bottom line: dyke content, mainstream package.

San Francisco Lesbians 5

dir. J. Jones

[Pleasure Productions, 1994]

Here's the final paradox of mainstream girl-girl porn: it occasionally looks like authentically home-grown indie dyke smut. *San Francisco Lesbians 5*, for instance. The women in this video could easily be in a by-dykes-for-dykes production. There are butches, big girls, punks, bikers, all having a ball doing each other. The video even has a queer director (also one of the video's performers). And the sex has a "bad girl" transgressive quality (transgressive for 1994, anyway), with dyke cocksucking and butch-on-butch action, touches of kink, and a strong tranny flavor. It's a pretty low-budget, low-pretense production, and while it's hot and nasty and fun, it doesn't break any sound barriers. But if it didn't open with cheesy phone-sex ads, you might not know it's a mainstream production.

Bottom line: melting pot heat.

Greta Christina is currently editing an etiquette guide for sex work customers.

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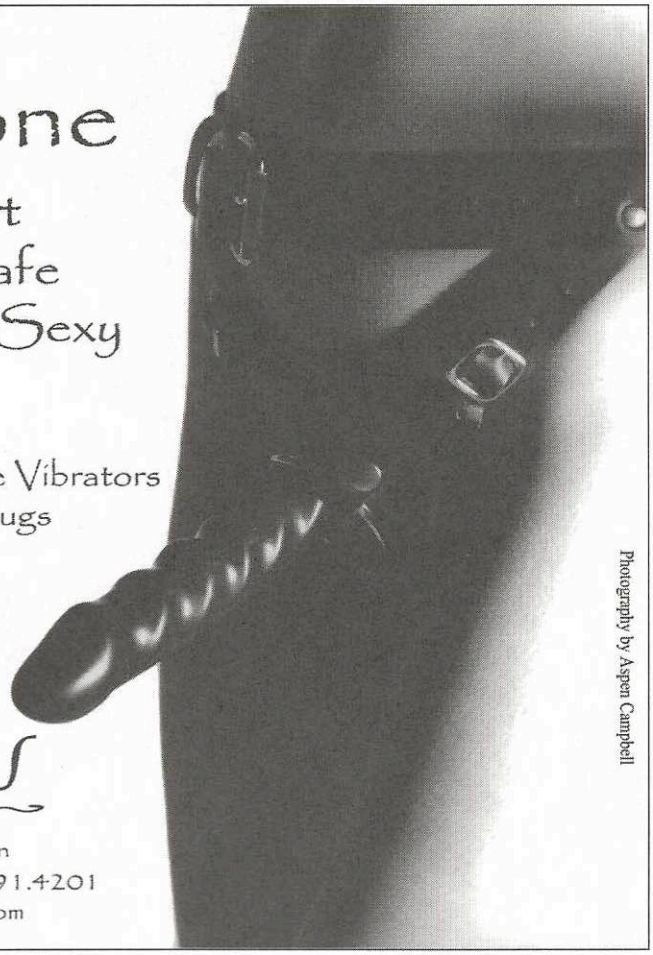

Photography by Aspen Campbell

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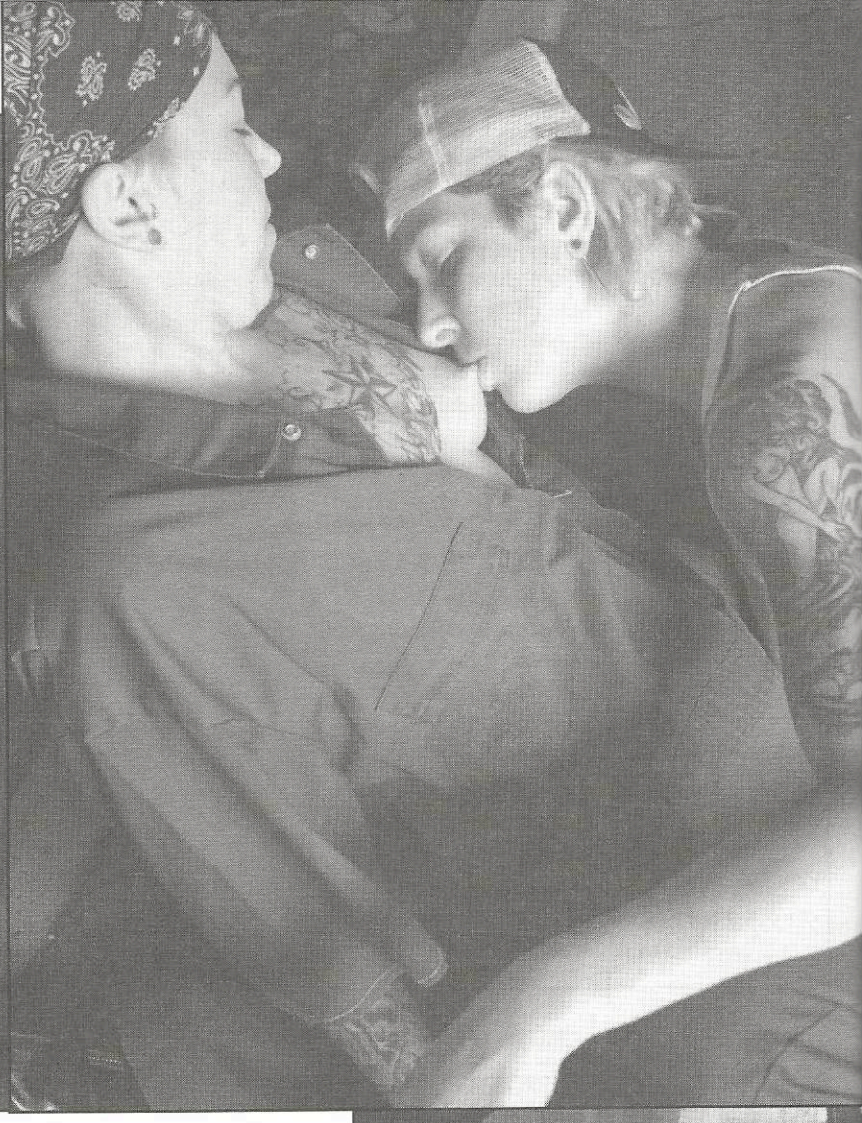


Body Work

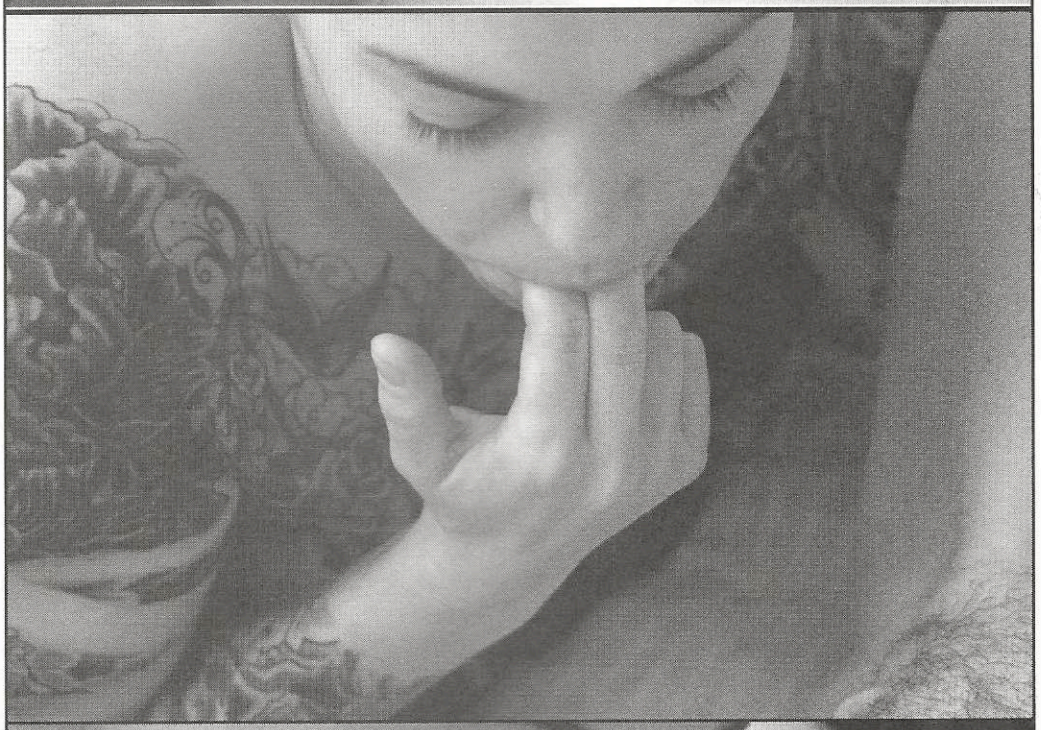
Bianca puts herself in Mila's caring hands

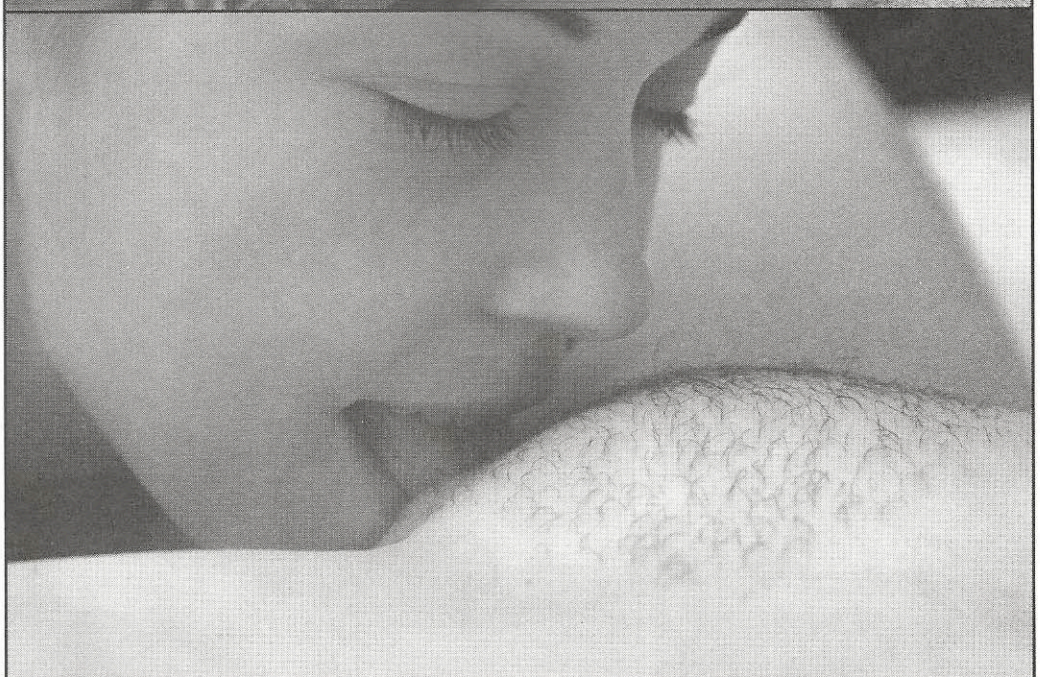
photography by Christine Kessler

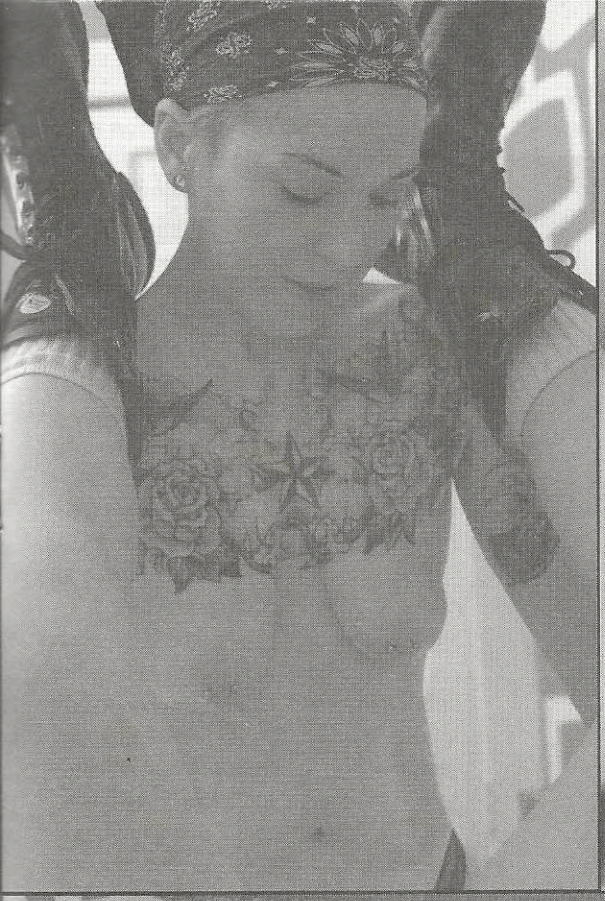
A friend had told Bianca about a hot mechanic in Silverlake. Since she was in need of a little work, she figured she'd drop by and see for herself. When she pulled into the shop and spotted the gorgeous Mila in her mechanic's coveralls, she thought about asking for more than just a lube job. Mila payed special attention to the new customer, checking all her hoses and valves with careful hands. After the full-service treatment, Bianca knew she'd be visiting the shop for an oil change on a regular basis. Her engine needed major attention, after all. **dc**

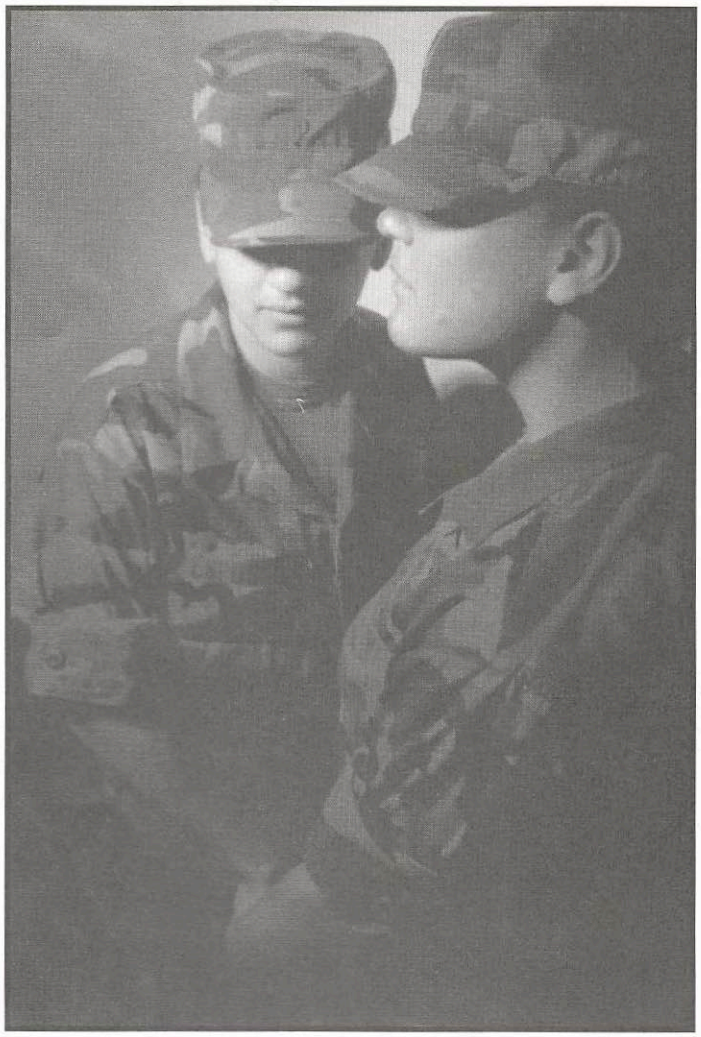
OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX









No Ass, No Tail

Uniform fetish aside, real military dykes aren't getting laid.

by Myriam Gurba • photography by Celesta Danger

In 1993, Bill Clinton passed the "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" (DADT) policy to protect gays and lesbians by prohibiting discussions of sexual orientation, activity, and gay marriage. According to Clinton, DADT was introduced to give "decent regard to the legitimate privacy and associational rights of all service members."

But gay and lesbian organizations point out that DADT is the only law in the country that forces people to be dishonest about their lives at the risk of being fired or imprisoned. The Human Rights Campaign has called the policy nothing more than an excuse to keep gays and lesbians out of the military.

The number of gays and lesbians discharged has actually increased since 1993, and lesbians have been disproportionately hard hit. Although women comprise only 15 percent of the armed forces, they represent nearly one third of the discharges that have occurred since DADT went into effect. Several Defense Department and Senate reports state that women servicemembers, regardless of their sexual orientation, often fear reporting sexual harassment because they believe they will be accused of being a lesbian and lose their careers as a result. The threat of a discharge, court marshaling, or even imprisonment is very real.

Many baby butches imagine the military to be a butch haven, a place where their budding masculinity will be appreciated. "Joining the military seemed like a way to be masculine with no questions asked. I didn't see many other options, especially for a fledgling butch in Iowa. You serve an important purpose and that's a very powerful feeling. I was in love with the discipline and the physicality of it," recalls Trina Dewey of her desire to enlist in the army at eighteen.

Puppet, an air force ex-servicemember was shocked at how straight her military experience was. "The military is stereotyped as a dyke haven. I was shocked at how

many women were joining the military that were not dykes. I believe I was the only dyke out of sixty girls in my basic training flight." Puppet remembers the rampant homophobia among her fellow female officers that made her a target for attack. "The straight women in basic training were afraid I would hit on them and reacted by desperately trying to get me kicked out for things like cursing too much or accusing me of being sexual with some of the girls. I wasn't interested in any of them sexually." Basic training became a nightmare for Puppet. "I think living in close quarters with sixty women was actually one of the most dreadful experiences I've had to endure."

Pulp novels used to portray women's barracks as sizzling with lesbian sex after lights out, but in reality the opposite is true. Puppet found herself constantly monitored for signs of sexual misconduct. "Sergeants were always looking out for the signs of homosexual behavior," she says. "We couldn't spend too much time with one person and we had to make sure we were all in our assigned rooms during bed checks. All of us had to be very secretive, so a lot of the time, the dykes wouldn't even be seen together. That way, if anybody got caught, you wouldn't be associated with them and they wouldn't try to get you next. Any camaraderie with the handful of people who knew what you were going through was really out of the question."

One air force doctor–we'll call her Major Smith–who is dating another female officer, describes similar feelings. "Our general would only have to catch one person to start an entire domino effect," says Smith. "I don't like being watched like a hawk. I've worked hard to get where I am. I'm in a respected position as is my girlfriend and neither of us like the idea of cameras in our bedrooms just to see how straight we are."

Unlike the tomboyish dykes, femmes seem to fly under the radar of homophobic concerns. "As a pretty, femme, young, model-minority woman, and a squared-away soldier, I think I simply went undetected," says Midori, who is now a kink educator and writer. "I simply did not threaten authority or masculinity. This is one of the few advantages of being a second-class citizen."

Dykes who were out before they enlisted must deal with re-entering the closet. "It was difficult to jump back in, especially after I'd been out all through high school, but I just had to remember why I was there and that got me through," says Puppet. While many in her squadron chose to remain closeted, Puppet recalls one woman who made a point of not hiding her sexuality. "She was really into wearing her pride gear and trying to make a big statement about being a dyke in the military," says Puppet. "A lot of us didn't like her because we felt she joined for the wrong reasons and she was going to take down a lot of other dykes with her. She would go to the mall off base and hold hands with her navy girlfriend. Nowadays, I can see that happening more often, but only a few years ago, it was frightening. You didn't just get kicked out if you got caught, you got sent to military prison."

Although it's extremely risky, it's common to find curious or questioning women using their time in the military to experiment. Most of the women Puppet slept with were straight-identified before joining the army. "Many of us were just out of high school and there were plenty of women who wanted to experiment. The girls I had sex with had never been with girls before. The sex was pretty vanilla," she recalls. Midori also says that her unit had a "sexually charged atmosphere" but that back then she "was hardly sexually aware, much less out." "I did have a mad, mad crush on a couple of Marine Corps female officers during a joint combined exercise. They looked so cool, controlled, and oh-so-fabulous in their uniforms!"

Sexual contact on the base is dangerous and happens very infrequently. "My girlfriend and I have kissed on base twice, but it wasn't something like those passion-filled kisses you read about in novels," says Smith. "It was quick and brief. I visited her in her quarters to check up on her when she wasn't well and that was it. Not exactly a 'happily ever after' thing, I guess."

Puppet describes sex on base as fast and furtive. "It never involved any toys because they always checked our lockers and that was too dangerous. Basically, it was quick and quiet and didn't get much past the typical finger-bang."

Smith has been with her officer girlfriend for two years. She explains that maintaining a relationship for long is very difficult. "Being a sexually active dyke in the military is stressful and very lonely at times. You're always paranoid that your commanding officer is going to suspect something, especially when you're having relations with a fellow officer." The worst part, she says, is that "it's tough to act straight when all you want to do is be with the girl you love. We make love whenever we get the chance, but usually when we have sex it's somewhere that is not in any way connected to the air force," says Smith. "We are both active members of the 'mile high club', sometimes the back row in the last week of a bad movie, and just about anywhere else that we like where we won't get caught."

Trysting off base is still risky and often takes the form of anonymous encounters. "Once, I went to a Melissa Etheridge concert in New Orleans. I started hitting on this cute girl. We spent the rest of the concert making out. Afterwards, she offered me and my friends a ride back to Mississippi. I took her back to our hotel and we had crazy sex all night, and then I never saw her again," recalls Puppet.

While all experiences may not be positive, at least dykes get a souvenir worth keeping–the uniform. "I have to admit that even to this day, girls are intrigued when they hear I was in the military," says Puppet, "but what they really want to know about are the uniforms." As a femme and a budding fetishist, Midori delighted in her uniform. "I wasn't aware of this when I enlisted," explains Midori, "but today I recognize that I have a pretty deep uniform fetish. It explains why my gaze was always drawn to sharply attired soldiers." Midori frequently draws upon her military experience in her personal and professional life. "The military has elements of power exchange, dominance and submission, rank, order, and purpose that are very attractive to me," she says. "This attraction has been consistent throughout my life, and it's certainly obvious today."

"it never involved any toys because they always checked our lockers and that was too dangerous."

Myriam Gurba's fiction has appeared in *Tough Girls*, *Best Fetish Erotica*, and *Best American Erotica*.

BUTCHES on FILM

photography by Rebecca McBride

Silas Howard (left) and Harry Dodge's butch buddy film busts out of the festival circuit.

Film fest success story *By Hook or by Crook* scores a distributor and a national tour

interview by Diana Cage

Shot two years ago on digital video, *By Hook or by Crook* tells the story of Shy, a handsome, gender-bending butch who bails Kansas after the death of her father. Her cohort Valentine is a wacked-out, adorably bearded poet who wants to find her birth mother. The two forge a friendship that transforms both of their lives.

By not explaining or excusing the two main characters' ambiguous gender, Harry Dodge and Silas Howard created a unique world where butches aren't burdened by their gender difference; they are fascinating, fully formed characters. This dyke *Midnight Cowboy* was a smash hit at Sundance, and now they've scored a distribution deal. **On Our Backs** talked with Dodge and Howard as well as their fearless producer, Steak House, about bringing their vision to a screen near you.

On Our Backs: I'm thrilled this film is going to play in theaters. Tell me exactly where people can see it.

Silas Howard: Starting in October, it will show in New York, then Boston, San Francisco, Seattle, and Los Angeles. But because we'll be rolling it from one city to the next, we'll pick up extra cities and showings along the way. It will hit pretty much every major city.

OOB: That's really exciting.

Howard: We think so. I really wanted people who don't go to film festivals to have the

"we won **best sex scene** of Sundance in some mainstream magazine that **isn't even gay!**"

opportunity to see it. Wolfe Video bought the DVD and video rights. Wolfe has been very good to us. But seeing it in a theater where you can see who else is there and maybe talk to them is a totally different experience than seeing it alone in your living room.

OOB: How have audiences reacted?

Howard: Well, we didn't set out to make a gay-stream movie. But we did set out to make a movie that people can relate to. And it's been a really exciting mix of people that have responded well: young kids, old women, even straight guys.

Harry Dodge: It really depends on the audience member. I've had quite a few people not even mention the ambiguous gender of the characters except to say that they were pleased that the movie ended up being about other, more universal human characteristics. People are touched by the characters in ways that have nothing to do with their physical appearance. I think people walk out of the film realizing that we're all a bit more connected than we may be aware of at most times.

OOB: I saw the film in San Francisco, where the 1,600 attendees gave you a ten-minute standing ovation. Have other queer communities reacted as well?

Howard: I thought people would walk out in Los Angeles. I was driving to L.A. with the film, and as I got closer, I started seeing ads for hair removal and breasts implants and weight reduction and I kept thinking, "Oh my God, they're going to hate us." But we ended up winning an audience award and a jury award in L.A.

Steak House: We've gone to about fifteen festivals and all the audiences have reacted really well. In London, they warned us that the crowds would be very reserved and not to be put off by that. But the London crowd was one of the loudest ones.

OOB: Has anyone not gotten it?

Howard: We had one journalist who kept asking us, "Will straight people watch it?" And finally after answering the question four different ways and him not getting it, we just had to say we didn't know. I mean, I watch French films and I'm not French. I watch *Star Wars* and I'm not intergalactical.

OOB: Nicely put. What about money? Did you receive any type of funding for the film?

Howard: Most of the money came from people that we knew. People that actually wanted to support the arts were making money during the dot-com boom and gave us money. We made a company and an LLC and sold shares at 2,500 a share. We raised money one chunk at a time all the way to Sundance. Then we got a Frameline completion grant right before we went to Sundance, which was great, and enabled us to redo the sound.

OOB: Anything else?

Howard: After we sold the Bearded Lady (a café and performance space in San Francisco), Harry and I started working as garbage men. It was pretty fun. I have a '62 Chevy truck that we used to haul stuff. The garbage men at the city dump really loved us and would sometimes cut us deals. So we'd work all day hauling trash and then we'd go back and write on the computer in the evenings.

OOB: Sounds like a good gig.

Howard: It was. Sometimes I'd call production companies while we were working. Just picture me on the sidewalk in my garbage man outfit, next to this garbage truck piled high with garbage, on the phone with Michael Stipe's office or something. Afterwards I'd always ask Harry, "Do you think I sounded professional?"

OOB: Was this your first screenplay?

Howard: We wrote two scripts prior to this one. But after working on one of them for almost a year we decided to scrap it. The storyline in this script was very intentional. We didn't want it to be about their gender or their sexuality. We wanted it to be about the characters' friendship. We really wanted to show that gays have friends. And that certain friendships in your life can be transformative. That had been our experience. We had been friends for fifteen years. And Harriet is adopted in real life so that part of the script is true. Harry found it easier to make a movie than to go to the adoption agency to find her birth mother. So she conceived that plot line.

OOB: Did she really find her birth mother?

Howard: Not yet. But she has leads now.

OOB: Since you're talking to **On Our Backs**, we want to hear about filming the sex scenes. You had about a million lesbians squirming in their seats.

(*Steak House laughs.*)

Dodge as Valentine; Kahn and Howard as Billie and Shy

Howard: We thought we wimped out on them!

OOB: What made you think that?

Howard: In our minds the sex was going be this really big thing. We weren't trying to be playful. We wanted to portray really traditional butch/femme sex. But then when we got down to it we were kind of prudish. And we didn't really want to show the dildos, but we wanted to imply that a dick was used. It's a much more difficult thing to portray than we imagined. We really worried about how it would read. There's a group of people that are going to understand that there's a strap-on being used, but there are so many people that won't know that.

Dodge: We knew it was an important moment for queer cinema to portray another version of queer sex and so we

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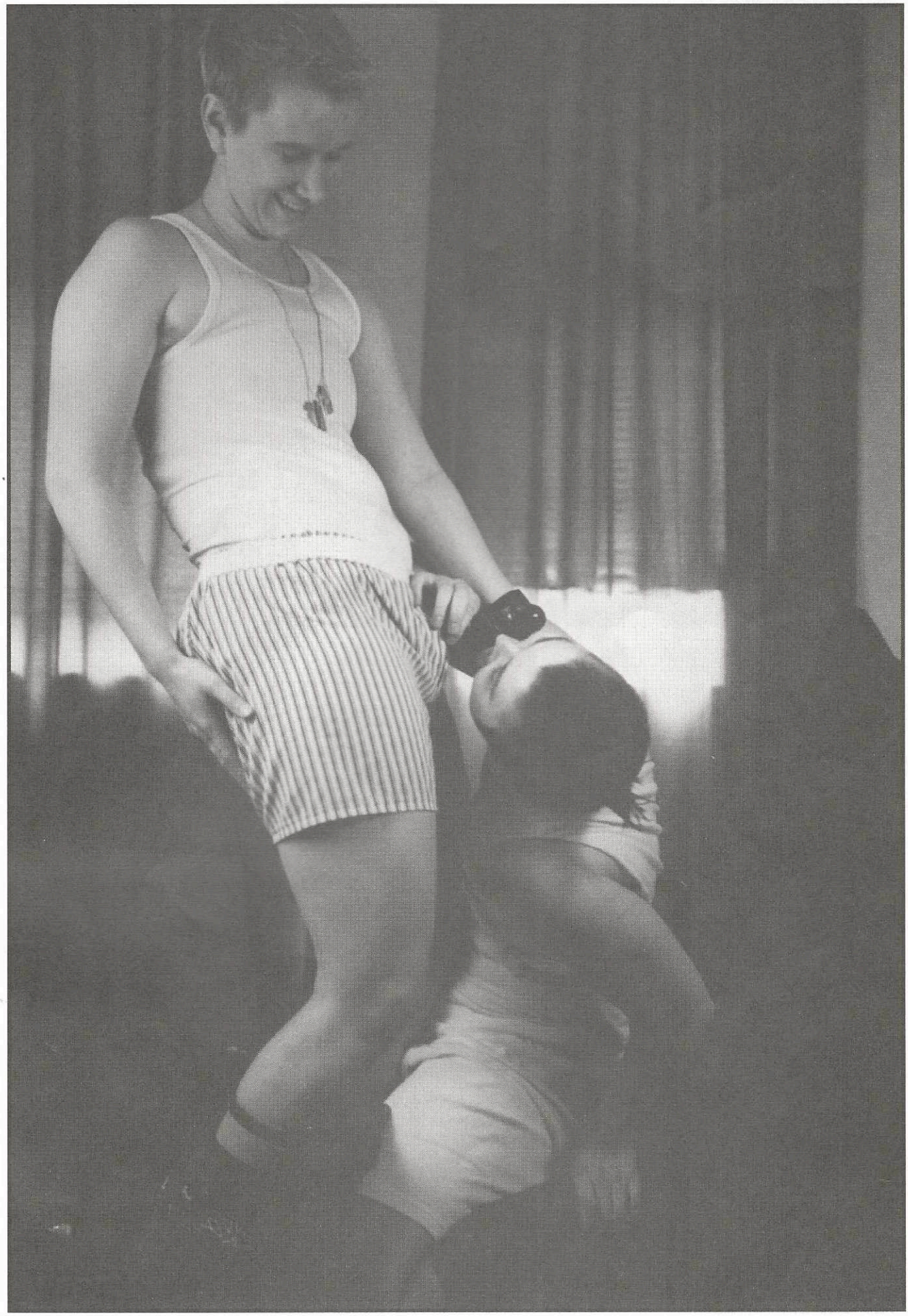
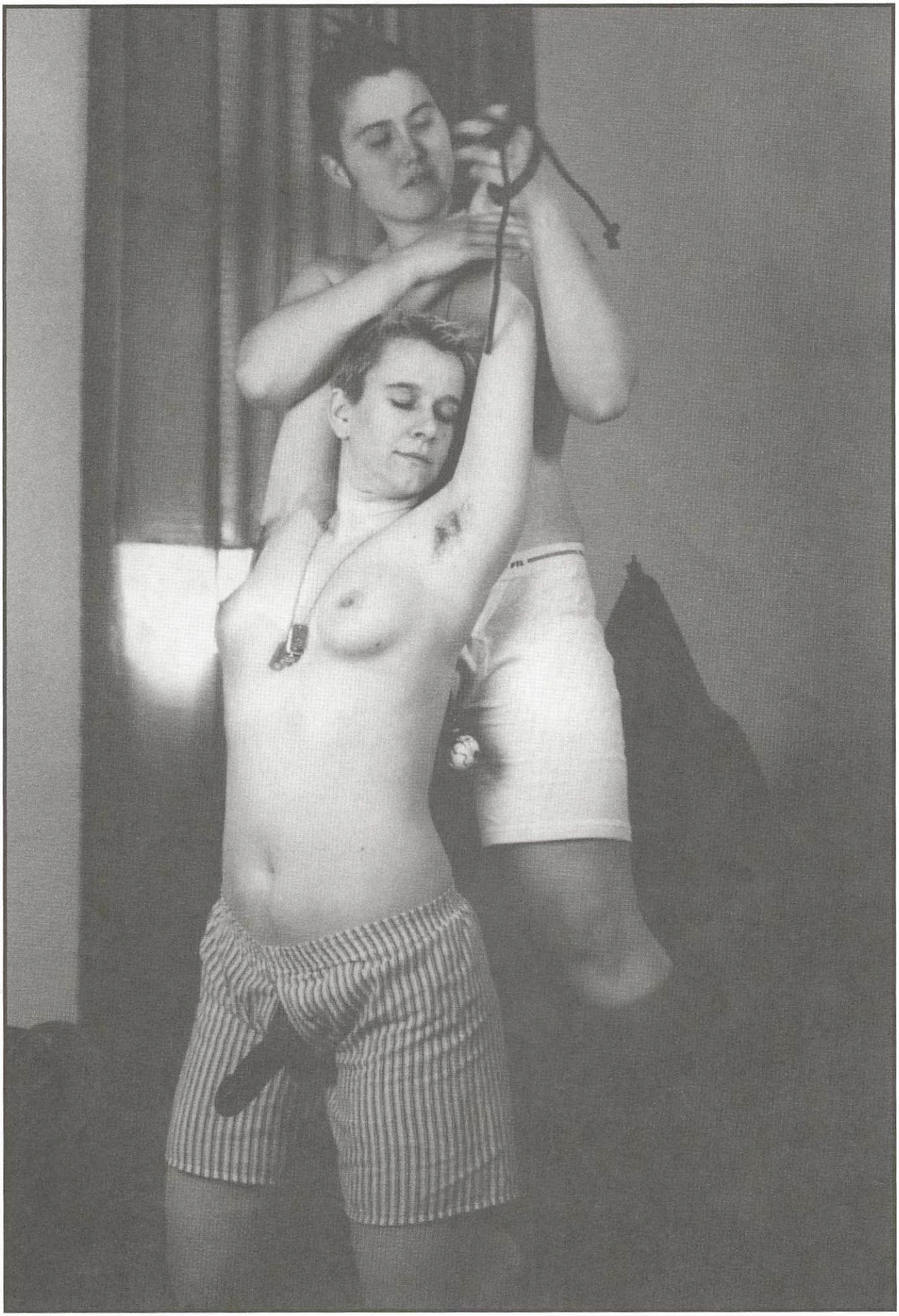
SCOUT'S HONOR

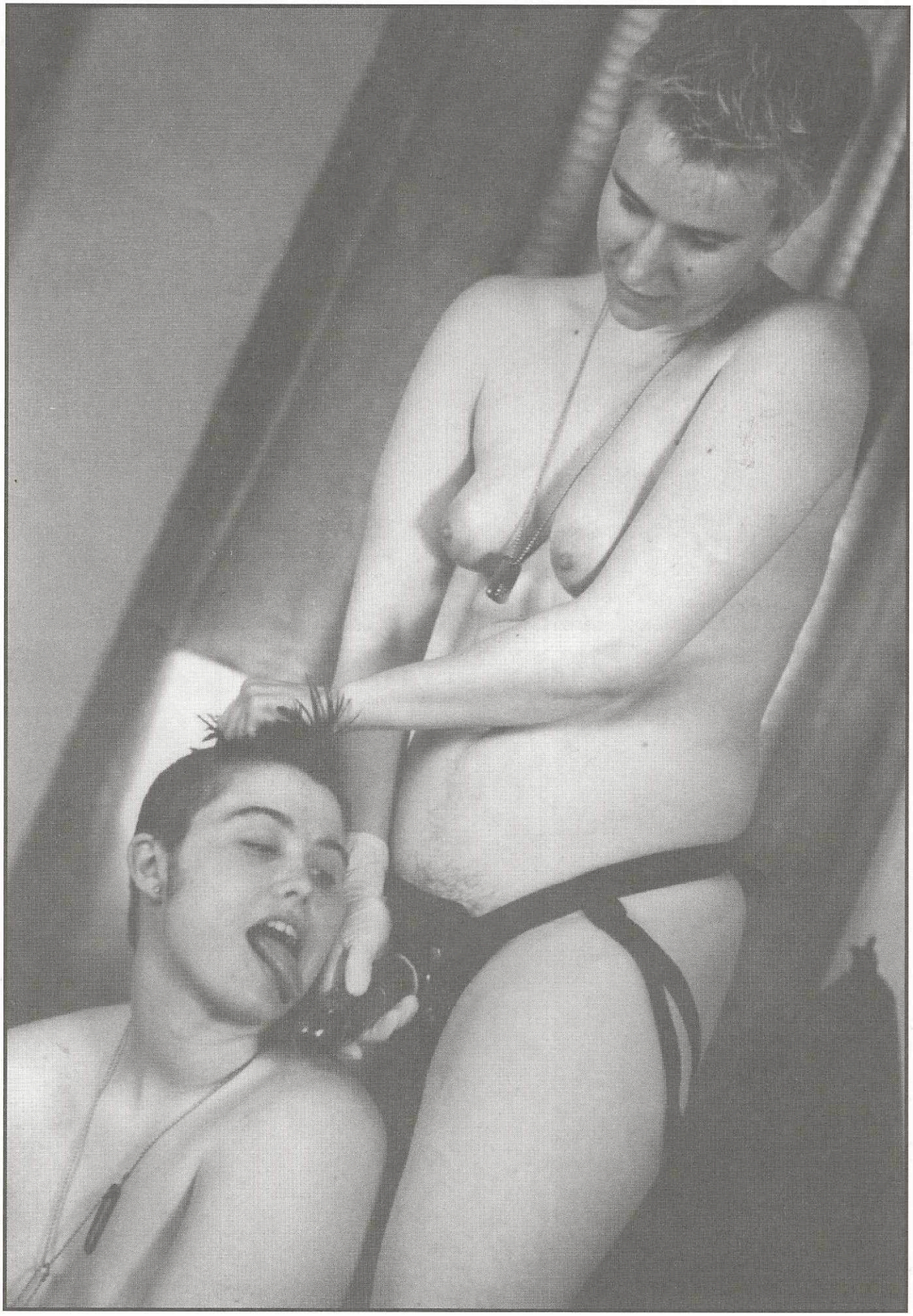
Boiscouts Grover + Glow practice their knot-tying skills

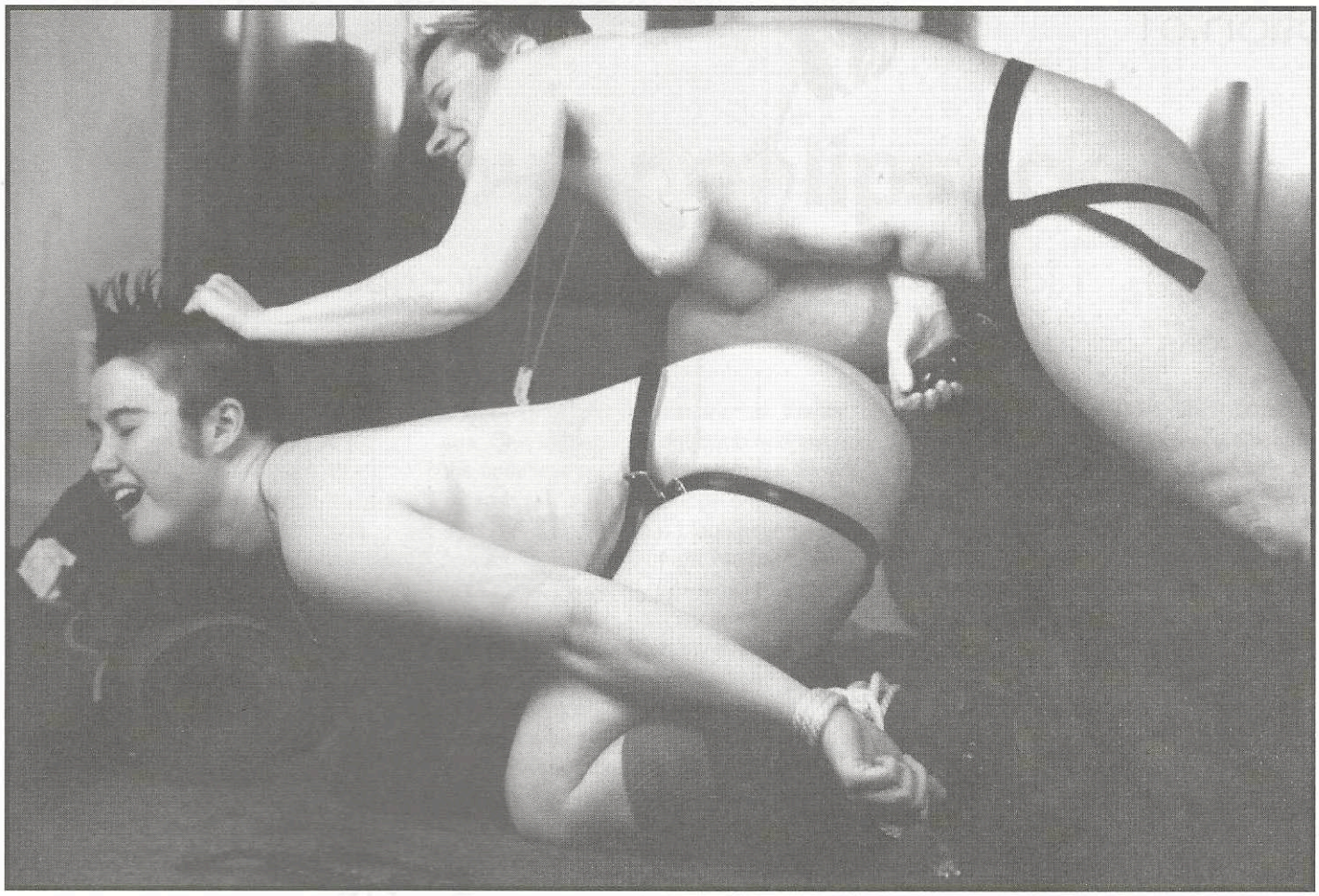
photography by
Michele Serchuk

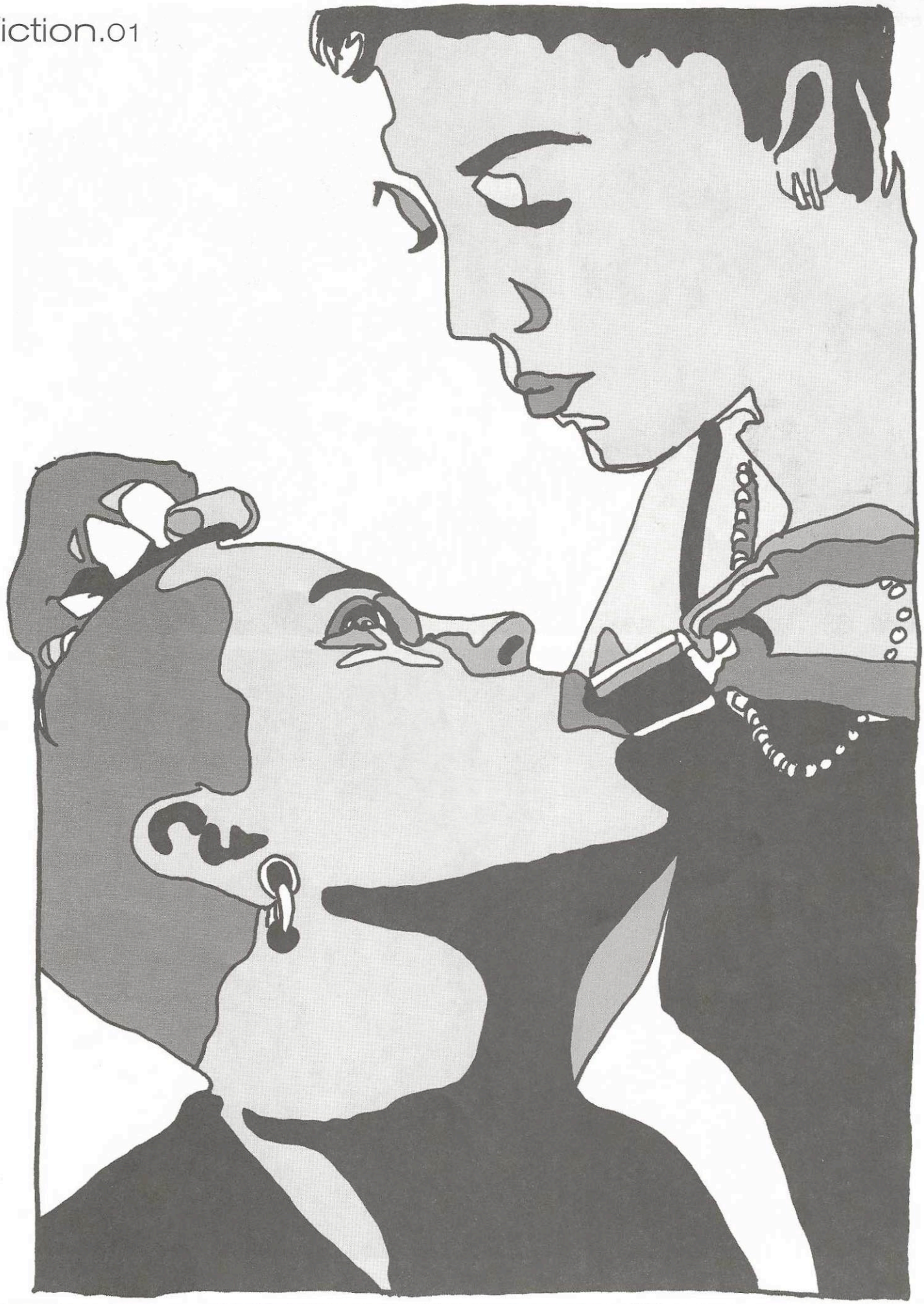
Boiscouts Grover and Glow were packing for their camping trip. They had everything they needed: bedrolls, pocket knives, rope, and two hard cocks. But just as they were about to leave, Grover suggested they practice their knot-tying skills one more time. Glow agreed and it wasn't long before the cute boiscout was ass-up in the living room getting the hard fucking he so dearly loved. These were two boiscouts that were always prepared. **dc**











the power of lipstick

by Midori • illustration by Laurenn McCubbin

I recently had a whole bunch of my stuff stolen out of my car, including all my make-up. It just broke my heart. But it did allow me to do some replacement shopping with my make-up artist friend, Mark; he's a cool glamour god with pin-up girl tattoos on his arm. We raided all of Michigan Avenue and maxed out our credit cards.

We stopped by Marshall Fields and wandered around the cosmetics section, trying this and checking that. I was about to stroll right by the Dior counter when I stopped dead in my tracks. The colors were brilliant, the marketing slick, and ooooh, the packaging. This one line of lip gloss just captivated my heart like a starling to shiny bits of glass. Diorific Plastic Shine is a clear glass vial of intense lip gloss, about four inches long, an inch wide at the base, and tapering down to a smooth rounded end, with the wide end topped with a golden orb. It's shaped just like a tiny smooth dildo or a plug. I picked one up and my hand wrapped right around it with a sense of familiarity.

I bought two vials: #996 Amorous Red and #997 Alluring Black. (Although I really liked Defiant Steely Brown as well–I thought the name was quite a statement.)

The red is the color that I imagine Sofia Lauren's lips to be at the moment of orgasm. Deep red and flushed with a tinge of blood from a lover's bite. All glistening and wet.

The black is a deep, deep plum. So smooth and richly black, reflecting your image like the surface of a well-polished Rolls Royce.

So, last week I was in L.A. visiting M. She's lean and butch with her blond hair neatly cut; she looks equally handsome in a GQ suit as well as in her mechanic's coveralls. Yes, she's a mechanic–a heavy-duty truck mechanic. Yum. I've made her my pet and she's been such a good pet, fulfilling all my wet fantasies.

We returned to the hotel from a day of shopping and dining with friends. It was late. She bathed and dried me and sat on the floor waiting for the next order. Slowly I rolled black sheer stockings onto my pale skin and snapped on a black satin garter belt around my curvy hips. No panties. I hate them. I want my sex smell to float under my skirts.

I ordered her to fetch my five-inch stiletto patent pumps. She complied and gently placed them on my feet. At that point she seemed a bit puzzled and a bit tired. I could see it on her face. She was wondering where we were going out. You know what a night creature I am. She's finally getting used to it. She must have figured we were going clubbing again. Then I pulled out my new make-up kit. This perked her up. It's so exciting that she has such a thing for watching me put make-up on! Her long gaze sets me afire. I feel so worshipped! So, she watched mesmerized as I lay out the various brushes and pigments. First the foundation, then the face powder. I formed the brow carefully with coal powder. Each lid of the eyes I draped in tones of Inca jewels. Then I pulled out #997 Alluring Black. I dripped the liquid across my half-parted lips. Tracing the glistening wand along the contours of my lustful, devilish smile, I carefully accentuated the Cupid's Bow, that charming curve at the center of the upper lip. I took one final look in the mirror, recapped the vial, turned, and looked down upon her. Her face was flushed. Make-up and transformation is feverish foreplay for us. I leaned in so close that she could smell the perfume of the new lipstick. Fine lipstick has such a heady, sensual scent. Her face tensed, her body tightened, holding at bay the desire to kiss me. I set the rules. She is not permitted at any time to kiss me on her own volition. Only I can do that, and I do so very rarely. Yes, I'm mean. That's one of the many reasons she adores me.

I reached out with my right hand and grabbed a handful of her short butch blond hair and dragged her across the room to the bed. She scrambled on all fours, barely keeping up. I made her kneel before me, hair still gripped tightly in my right hand. The left hand emerged before her, holding the vial of dripping black desire. Perversely I held the lip-gloss vial by the golden-orbed handle. Holding the lipstick phallus before her face, I released her hair. She looked up with surprise and delight for a brief moment, long enough to catch my directorial nod. She opened her lips, moved forward, and took the smooth glass vial into her mouth, wrapping her lips around its voluptuous curves. She pleasured the lipstick for me as if it were me. Well, it was me at that very moment.

she opened her lips, moved forward, and took the smooth glass vial into her mouth, wrapping her lips around its voluptuous curves.

Later, I bound her to the bed with rope. All limbs stretched, her torso strained at the ropes around it, bucking to meet each stroke of the whip, crop, or cane. Her cries were animal. I laid the implements on the table next to me and took a rest. I sat on her chest with my stocking-clad legs to either

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SPECIAL DELIVERY

by Emily Torres • illustration by Colleen Coover

I had been working at home for about six months. In some ways it was really nice, but much of the time I was just plain lonely. Often I didn't even change out of my pajamas or take a shower. I just got right out of bed, sat down at my computer, and worked. But today felt different. I woke up in a really fucking good mood. Maybe it was the antidepressants, maybe it was the fact that I actually got to sleep at a normal hour, or maybe it was the way the planets were aligned. Whatever the reason, I bounded out of bed and jumped into the shower first thing. I felt like running around the block. I felt like, I don't know, doing something besides sitting at my computer typing. I felt good. And when I feel good, I usually feel horny.

So there I was, gazing out my window, horny and restless. I couldn't concentrate on work–actually I couldn't concentrate on anything. I was just soaking up the feeling-good vibes and looking around for a distraction, when up pulls the big brown beacon of free books, the UPS truck. Writers live a solitary existence, and one of the few perks I get as a freelancer is free stuff. Shivering with anticipation I wondered if my special delivery was something I would be interested in reading, or was it destined to be sold on a fold-out card table on my front lawn?

I watched anxiously as the door to the trunk swung open and out stepped the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She had long, bouncy blonde hair, like a shampoo ad come to life. She was wearing the UPS girls-of-summer standard-issue uniform: brown shorts, tight around her ass and short enough to nicely expose her lovely long legs. I could just picture those legs chasing down a letter as it was blown out of hand by a big gust of wind. Up top she wore a short-sleeve shirt so tight her ample breasts almost broke open the cheap buttons. The fabric looked hot and itchy and I wished I could liberate her bosom from the restraining brown material. As she crossed the street her bosom bounced up and down with each step. She didn't see me peering out the window, or if she did, she didn't let on. In any case, I didn't really care. I had found my distraction.

I ran my fingers through my short, spiky black hair and pulled off the ratty old T-shirt I was wearing, exchanging it for a tight tank top. I am flat-chested so it didn't really make a difference, but I live by the rule that more skin is good skin. And in her case, that rule was golden. My heart was pounding, and a pool of anticipation was collecting in my Calvins. I've always been a sucker for a woman in uniform.

I ducked so she wouldn't see me through the window as she approached. I wanted to seem busy and important, not underemployed. Sadly, I regretted not cleaning up after the dog for the past week. My yard was scattered with toxic waste. I wanted to impress her, not scare her away.

> this UPS driver was amazing, and she was about to deliver me home!

When the doorbell rang, I panicked. For a full thirty seconds I forgot to breathe. When it rang a second time, I jolted out of my reverie and smiled. She rang twice, so she must really want me, I thought proudly.

"Hello," I said with a smile and feigned surprise, as if UPS has never before dropped in so unexpectedly.

"I have a delivery for a...Maya...," she hesitated on my last name, obviously not versed in the lilting language of love, Spanish.

I gave her a look that I imagined was suave. "That's me," I said, my voice nearly cracking from the pressure.

"I have something for you," she said.

And at that moment my gaydar went crazy. I was sure she could hear my heart beating. My body was tingling so much I was worried that sparks might fly out of my fingertips and melt her blouse.

She just grinned at me. She had to know what was going on in my mind. I cocked my hips and tried to use some of the body language tips I had read about in the last lesbian sex book I reviewed.

Slowly she pulled out a long, cylindrical tube.

"Is that for me?" I said as smugly as I could muster.

"Special delivery," she answered, raising one incredibly sexy eyebrow.

I was lost. Putty, Jell-O, chocolate fucking pudding, whatever you want to call it. My knees grew weak and all that good stuff. I wanted her. And wanted her bad. A tiny bead of sweat rolled down her way-too-sexy neck.

"It's hot out," I said, restraining the urge to lick the droplet right off. "Want to come in for a drink?"

Unbelievably, she nodded and strolled through my door just like in a letter to *Penthouse Forum*. I pinched myself as I locked the door behind her. I went into the kitchen with her following close behind me. As I reached up to get a glass she seemed very close. I could feel the warmth coming off of her polyester-clad form.

"I would love something wet," she breathed on me.

I nearly choked on my own tongue.

When I turned around, she was right up on me. I barely had time to place the glass on the counter before our lips were locked. We kissed nice and hard. And then she started to explore. Her tongue found the most direct route from my mouth to my tit. It was as if she had memorized the zip code to my heart. She pulled down my tank top, licked a trail all the way down my neck, lingering on my

continued on page 42

Spices
COLLEEN COOVER

continued from page 31

interview

were committed even though it was a bit personal. I'm not an exhibitionist at all; I'm a very private, intense person and so is my partner Stanya, so the filming of the sex scenes was particularly difficult. I hate, as a director, to ask women to push their boundaries for the sake of cinema. So we wanted to get it over with as briskly and finally as we could. But acting intimate was much easier with Stanya than it would have been with someone I wasn't in love with. I'm thankful for that aspect.

OOB: I thought it was great. Seeing a romantic butch/femme love scene in a non-dirty film was pretty thrilling to me.

Steak House: We won best sex scene of Sundance in some mainstream magazine [*Dazed & Confused*] that isn't even gay!

OOB: Kick-ass femmes like Stanya Kahn's character Billie, Valentine's girlfriend, are pretty rarely portrayed. Where did Kahn's character come from?

Dodge: I've always felt that modern cinema doesn't create enough opportunities for strong female characters' roles with complex and interesting motive and dialogue. And Stanya is an accomplished writer and performer with tons of experimental theater work under her belt. She did an incredible job of coming up with dialogue for her character.

Howard: We originally pictured Stanya's character as more grounded, but she pointed out that women don't get to play this type of wacky physical comedy-type characters. And it made sense to us.

OOB: What was the origin of Valentine's poetic monologues?

Dodge: I've always been a fan of film and performance which takes risks. And one of the things that cinema doesn't push very often is language. I love words and language and I wanted to see what we would get away with literarily. Valentine was a role I created because I wanted folks across the board to have the experience of getting to know someone who does things differently, and we love him anyway. My goals are hilariously lofty, but I spend so much time working on my art and performance, I guess I must have some spiritual reason to keep on. oob

Find out more about BHOBC on the Web site: www.steakhaus.com/bhobc

continued from page 39

lipstick

side of her head. I reached for the Alluring Black again. I twirled it around before her eyes, she strained her neck forward to try to take it in her mouth like a good sex slave. She was hungry, hungry to please me. Instead of letting her take the vial into her mouth, I pulled it away, kissed it, and leaned back a bit. She could smell my sex musk. She could almost see my pussy but not quite. I liked this. I took the gloss bottle into my mouth and sucked lasciviously on it. I trailed the gleaming vial out of my lips, down my chin, along the arc of my throat, between my breasts, and slowly down the faint curve of my belly to that dark, wet place. I let it rest there, feeling her torment in the strained motions toward a better view. The hand moved lower, and I let out a deep, guttural groan. The smooth, thick glass gave me pleasure. The black vial emerged again, glistening with new moisture. Again, I flaunted it before her face. This time I let her clean it. Like a good pet, she licked and sucked.

I moved off of her chest, taking the lip color with me, and sat between her spread and tightly bound legs. I took a cotton swab and dipped into the vial. I looked up to her and told her that I was going to put lipstick on her. She begged for me to do anything, absolutely anything! I took the generously doused swab and painted her lips...her pussy lips. They shined obscenely. With the onyx vial back in my hand, I pressed its blunt end to her mound and slowly let it trace the contours of her hungry cunt lips. She thrust forward. Pleading cries escaped her throat. I let the slow torment of the circling vial linger for near eternity. Then with one swift plunge, I entered her. Her whole body quivered at that feminine assault. She shook and strained at her bonds.

After a while her body sank into a state of inert satisfaction. Her eyes were heavy with the narcotic of leather sex, mouth slacked from exhaustion, and her body glowed with fulfillment. I lay next to her, warming myself with her animal heat and slavish devotion.

Ahhh, the power of a simple lipstick. And they wonder why femmes go nuts for cosmetics!

Midori is an educator and writer on SM, fetish, and human sexuality, and the author of the book *The Seductive Art of Japanese Bondage.*

continued from page 40

special delivery

collarbone, then went straight for my rock-hard nipple. This UPS driver was amazing, and she was about to deliver me home!

I reached for her, intending to rip the buttons right off that cheap brown uniform. But she quickly pushed my hand away. Holy shit, the UPS babe was a top! Hallelujah! She pulled off my tank top and exposed my braless A-cups to the kitchen air. She then pushed my shorts down around my ankles. I stood there flushed, overwhelmed, and really, really wet.

Her hands were all over me. They grabbed my ass, my tits, and ran up and down my thighs. Not to say that my hands weren't doing some work of their own. They traveled everywhere, explored every highway, every avenue to pleasure. Our mouths were so busy kissing nipples, necks, and knees that we barely came up for air.

The UPS goddess's arms were strong from lifting boxes. She flexed her muscles as she helped me up on to the counter. Her fingers started up like she was typing 2,000 mailing labels. And she was so fast! One, then two, suddenly three fingers inside of me, in and out, over and over, bringing me to the brink of total pleasure. I was about to come when she stopped and kneeled. She licked me like a fifty-cent stamp, covering me top to bottom, making sure that I was stuck. I cried out and grabbed her long blond hair, my body shaking, my legs tensing, my toes cramping. I came with a yell. She pulled back and looked up at me, her face glistening with my gratitude. Her perfect pink tongue escaped her mouth and licked lasciviously around those heart-shaped lips.

"Wow," I sighed. "I never realized that UPS really meant it when they offered full service."

"You didn't think we did this job for the paycheck did you?" she laughed.

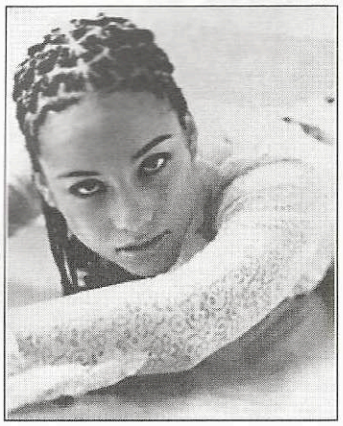
When I recovered, I pulled up my shorts and walked her to the door. She waltzed down the sidewalk, shaking her ass and making that uniform sing. She was all the way to the front gate before she slowly turned around, flipping her golden hair over one shoulder, and winked at me.

I ran back inside and got on the Web, ordering as much stuff as my credit card could hold. All to be delivered by UPS, of course. After all, all work and no play makes me a very horny girl.

Emily Torres has written for Salon.com and *Good Vibrations Magazine.*

cheers + jeers

compiled by Rachel Kramer Bussel



▲ "Just 'cause I don't wear dresses? Give me a break. It's silly. Every female has been called gay at one time. That's not who I am. I don't have a problem with anyone who is."

Alicia Keys responding to rumors that she is gay, as quoted in the London Sun

"We do these publications every week and they are horrible, degrading and they are reminiscent of *The Scarlet Letter*."

Jeanne Tate, executive vice president of the Florida Association of Adoption Professionals, on new Florida adoption laws requiring the publication of information about a prospective mom's sexual history in local newspapers, in the Sun-Sentinel

"I think that every gay man needs to get over his fear of vaginas if we're going to stop being so sexist."

Kirk Read in the anthology Bears on Bears

"[There's a] kind of watered-down feminism that goes along with the use of *girl* and *girl power*. It seems to be a kind of depoliticization of feminism."

Ann Ciasullo, an English professor, on whether use of the word girl *is demeaning to women, on Womensenews.org*

▲ "Leather daddy porn is hot because it's totally kinky and [a] fantasy. I like the chaps, handcuffs, construction worker outfits. I like roleplaying and slings. As a lover I guess it would be like I'm all the Village People rolled into one."

Bartender and firefighter-in-training Bre Elton, as quoted in The Advocate

"Once I felt as though I was starting to take back control of my body in menopause, I started to feel better about sex. In the end, my brain was my most important sex organ because it ultimately controlled the way I viewed sex and my desire to have it."

Trisha Posner, author of This Is Not Your Mother's Menopause *in* Salon

"All my dolls would get it on together. Even the Barbies would get it on with other Barbies, and the guys would get it on with each other."

Star Wars *star Natalie Portman, on being a child in Maryland, as quoted in* Rolling Stone

◀ "I think **butch** women really need to be **objectified**, because they haven't yet."

Margaret Cho, as quoted on Nerve

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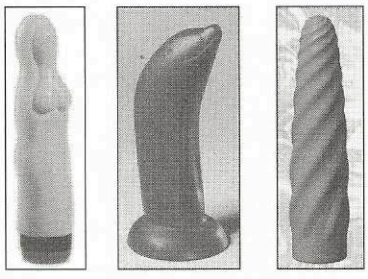

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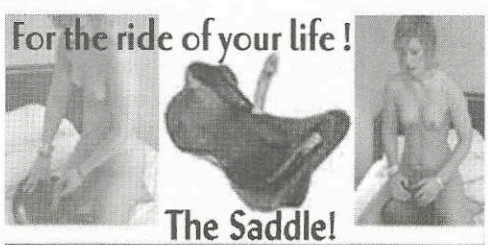

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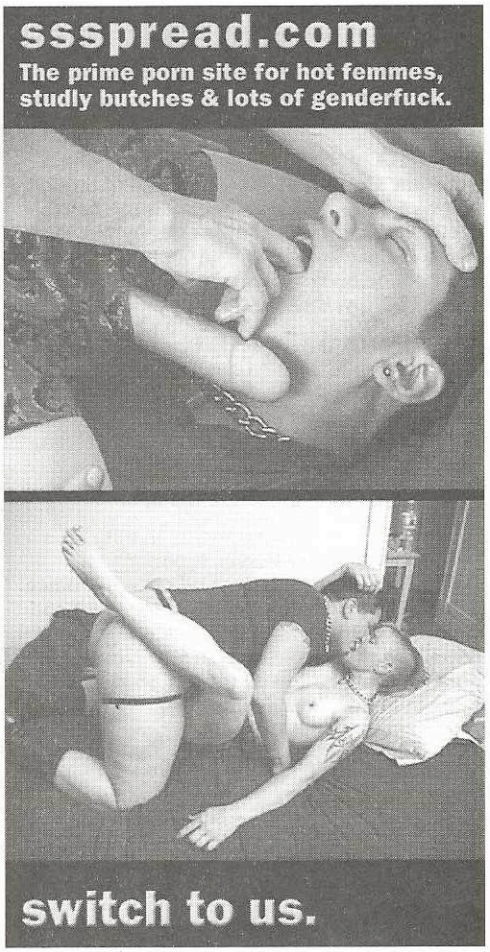

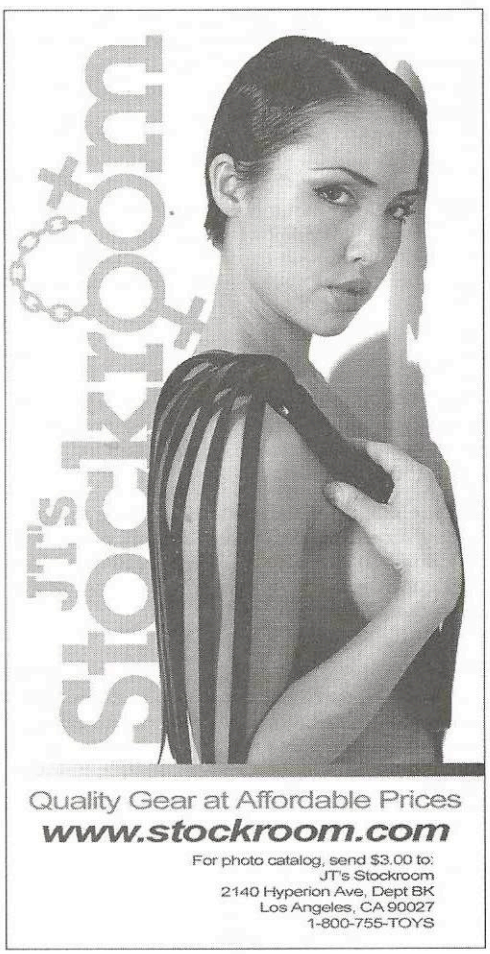

Are you into ROLE-PLAYING?

compiled by Diana Cage

Dressed to Kill

When I dress up high femme and go out, I feel like I am playing a role. I am performing, and I love it! I am very much into wearing corsets, garter belts, heels, feathers, and rhinestones, and playing the saucy, curvy, woman–to me this is a form of role-playing, but maybe not in the traditional BDSM sense. *Carol*

Mile-High Club

My partner and I are totally into role-playing. It makes sex so much fun. It started as a joke, but then we got so into it that we do it all the time now. She'll just look at me and say, "Baby, let's pretend you're a flight attendant, and I'm a horny pilot," and the next thing I know I'm ass up in the cockpit. *Jo*

Licking Butch

My wife and I have been together for almost eight years and when I want to spice things up, I put on my black lace teddy or corset and I become her "mistress." She is soft-butch and undeniably vanilla, yet when I kneel on the bed and demand a good "boot licking" she becomes my whore. I love to shove my pussy in her face and tease her. *Ann*

Body of Evidence

I was photographed kissing a girl at a kissing booth, and it ended up being on the cover of the photographer's zine. About a week after it was published, my sweet butch daddy had a copy of the zine waiting for me to look at, so I could be sorry for what I'd done. She gave me a real good, bare-assed spanking for being such a whore and then a good fucking for being sorry about it! *Fifi*

Seriously Stiff

My girlfriend would like me to role-play with her, but I can't take it seriously and I always laugh or break character at inappropriate times. I really would like to get into it to make her happy, but I inevitably end up feeling stupid. *Samantha*

MICHELE SERCHUK

Office Romance

The fun starts when the "mistress" of the escort agency I work for calls me at home and informs me of my assignment. I am told what role to play at that moment and what time my "date" expects me. I've been everything from a business exec taking a client out for lunch to a doctor making a house call. My lady and I have made use of every piece of furniture in her office and a locked box of toys is kept in the bottom drawer of her desk. *Dani*

Oh Goddess, Fuck Me

Do we like to role-play? Oh, goddess yes! We have several different fantasies we play out. Sometimes I'm a big, bad, dyke cop, and she's the stripper I'm pumping for information. Or I'm a sacred whore in a Temple of the Goddess and she's a novice come to me for training in the arts of loving women. *Delila*

Is That a Pistol in Your Pocket?

I was very into role-playing in my last relationship. I loved to pretend that I was a traffic cop and my girlfriend had to try and fuck her way out of a speeding ticket. We played games all the time and we both loved it. The woman I am currently seeing gets too embarassed and doesn't like to play. *Amy*

---

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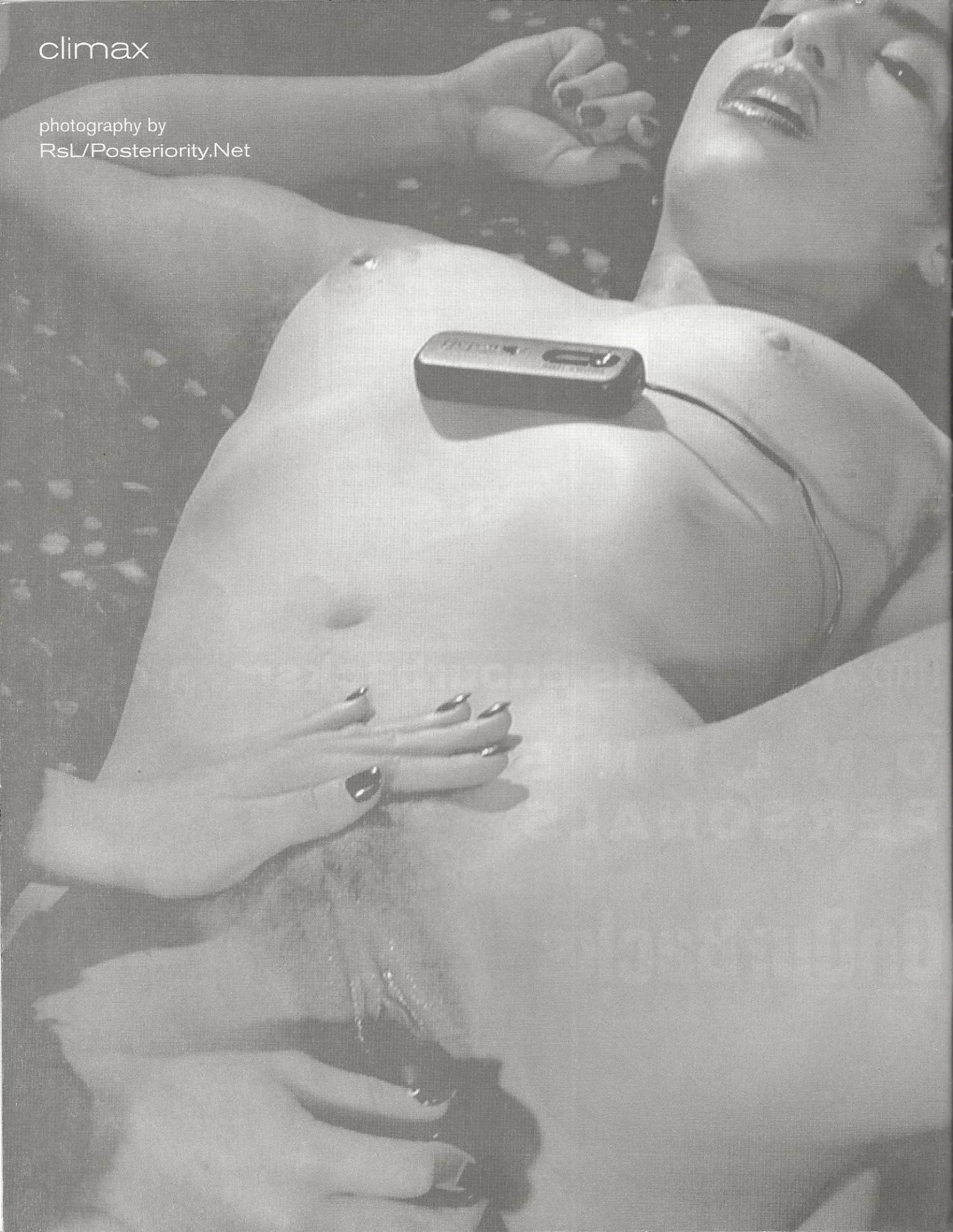

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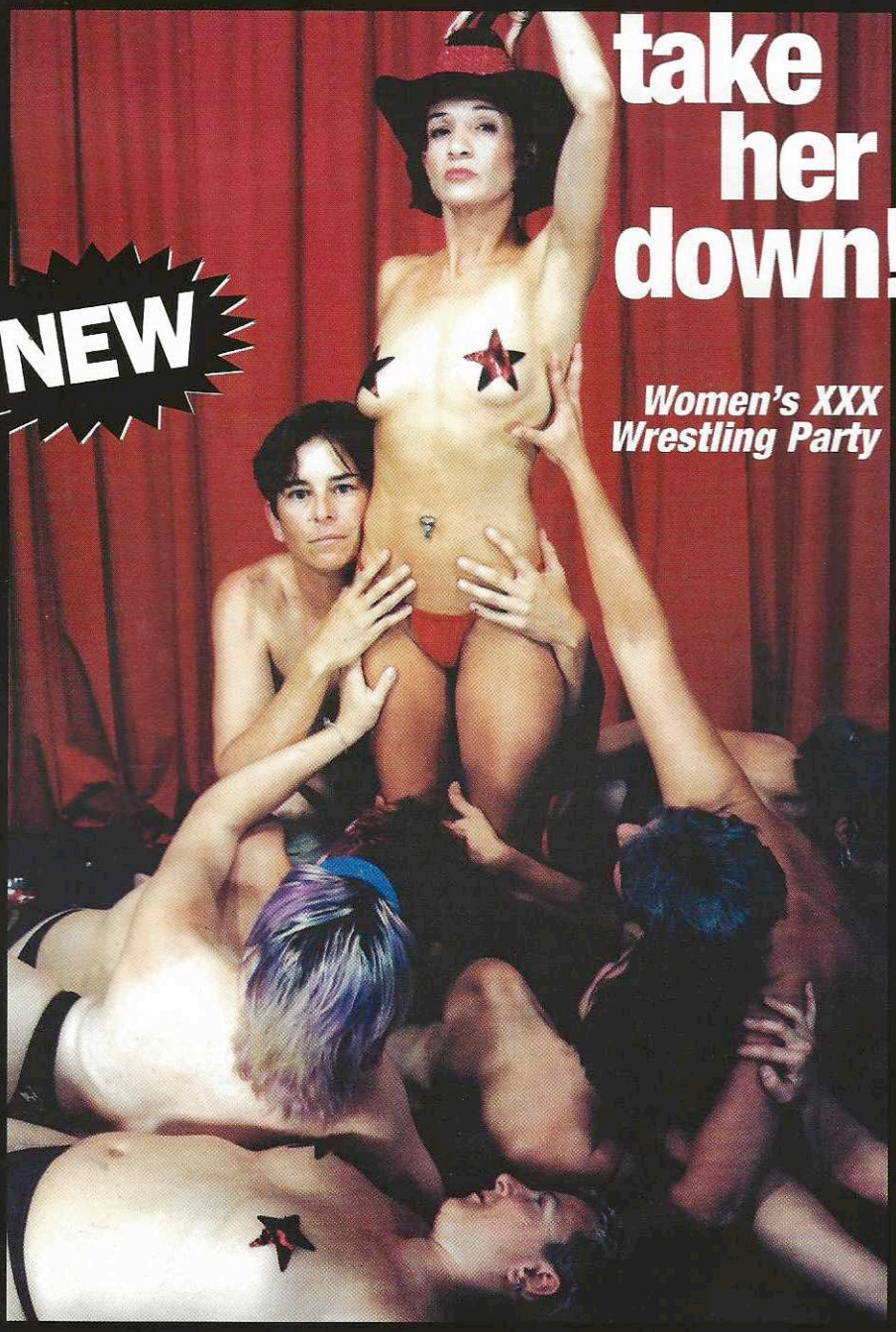

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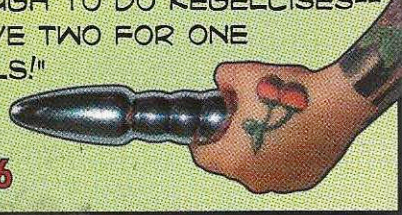

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